

8-11-17



Licensed,

March 10. 1679

ROG. L'ESTRANGE.



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Order and Disorder:
OR, THE
WORLD MADE
AND
UNDONE.
BEING
MEDITATIONS
UPON THE
CREATION and the FALL;
As it is recorded in the beginning
of GENESIS.

LONDON,

Printed by *Margaret White* for *Henry Mortlock* at the
Phoenix in *St. Paul's Church-yard*, and at the *White*
Hart in *Westminster Hall.* 1679.

Query and Dissolver:

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The PREFACE.



These Meditations were not at first design'd for publick view, but fix'd upon to reclaim a busie roving thought from wandring in the pernicious and perplexed maze of humane inventions; whereinto the vain curiosity of youth had drawn me to consider and translate the account some old Poets and Philosophers give of the original of things: which though I found it, blasphemously against God, and brutishly below the reason of a man, set forth by soæ, erroneously, imperfectly, and uncertainly, by the best; yet had it fill'd my brain with such foolish fancies, that I found it necessary to have recourse to the fountain of Truth, to wash out all ugly wild impressions, and fortifie my mind with a strong antidote against all the poyson of humane Wit and Wisdome that I had been dabling withal. And this effect I found; For comparing that revelation, God gives of himself and his operations, in his Word, with what the wisest of mankind, who only walk'd in the dim light of corrupted nature and defective Traditions, could with all their industry trace out, or invent; I found it so transcendently excellling all that was humane, so much above our narrow reason, and yet so agreeable to it being rectified, that I disdain'd the Wisdome fools so much admire themselves for; and as I found I could know nothing but what God taught,

The Preface.

me, so I resolv'd never to search after any knowledge of him and his productions, but what he himself hath given forth. Those that will be wise above what is written, may hug their Philosophical clouds, but let them take heed they find not themselves without God in the world, adoring figments of their own brains, instead of the living and true God.

Lest that arrive by misadventure, which never shall by my consent, that any of the pudled water, my wanton youth drew from the prophane Helicon of ancient Poets, should be sprinkled about the world, I have for prevention sent forth this Essay; with a Profession that I disclaim all doctrines of God and his works, but what I learn out of his own words, and have experienc'd it to be a very unsafe and unprofitable thing for those that are young, before their faith be fixed, to exercise themselves in the study of vain, foolish, atheistical Poesie. It is a miracle of grace and mercy, if such be not depriv'd of the light of Truth, who having shut their eyes against that Sun, have, instead of looking up to it, hunted glowworms in the ditch bottoms. It is a misery I cannot but bewail, that when we are young, whereas the lovely characters of Truth should be impress'd upon the tender mind and memory, they are so fill'd up with ridiculous lies, that 'tis the greatest business of our lives, as soon as ever we come to be serious, to cleanse out all the rubbish, our grave Tutors laid in when they taught us to study and admire their inspired Poets and divine Philosophers.

But when I have thus taken occasion, to vindicate my self from those heathenish Authors I have been conversant in, I cannot expect my work should find acceptance in the world, declaring the more full and various delight I have found in following Truth by its own conduct; Nor am I much concern'd how it be entertain'd, seeking no glory by it, but what is render'd to him to whom it is only due. If any one of no higher a pitch than my self, be as much affected and stirr'd up in the reading,

The Preface.

reading, as I have been in the writing, to admire the glories and excellencies of our great Creator; to fall low before him, in the sense of our own vileness, and to adore his Power, his Wisdom, and his Grace, in all his dealings with the children of men, it will be a success above my hopes; though my charity makes me wish every one that hath need of it the same mercy I have found.

I know I am obnoxious to the censures of two sorts of people: First, those that understand and love the elegancies of Poems, They will find nothing of fancy in it; no elevations of stile, no charms of language, which I confess are gifts I have not, nor desire not in this occasion; for I would rather breath forth grace cordially than words artificially. I have not studied to utter any thing that I have not really taken in. And I acknowledge all the language I have, is much too narrow to express the least of those wonders my soul hath been ravish'd with in the contemplation of God and his Works. Had I had a fancy, I durst not have exercis'd it here; for I tremble to think of turning Scripture into a Romance; and shall not be troubled at their dislike who dislike on that account; and profess they think no poem can be good that shuts out drunkenness, and lasciviousness, and libelling Satyr, the theams of all their celebrated songs. These, (though I will not much defend my own weakness) dislike not the Poem so much as the subject of it.

But there are a second sort of people, whose Genius not lying that way, and seeing the common and vile abuse of Poesie, think Scripture profan'd by being descanted on in numbers; but such will pardon me when they remember a great part of the Scripture was originally written in verse; and we are commanded to exercise our spiritual mirth in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs; which if I have weakly compos'd, yet 'tis a consenting testimony with the whole Church, to the mighty and glorious truths of God which it not altogether impertinent, in
istical

The Preface.

this atheistical age; and how imperfect soever the hand be, that copies it out, Truth loses not its perfection, and the plainest as well as the elegant, the elegant as well as the plain, make up a harmony in confession and celebration of that all-creating, all-sustaining God, to whom be all honour and glory for ever and ever.

Meditations



MEDITATIONS

ON THE

CREATION,

As recorded in the First

Chapter of *Genesis*.

MY ravish'd soul, a pious ardour fires,
To sing those mystick wonders it admires,
Contemplating the Rise of every thing
That, with Times birth, flow'd from th' eter-
nal spring;

And the no less stupendous Providence
By which discording Natures ever since
Have kept up universal Harmonie;
While in one joynt obedience all agree,
Performing that to which they were design'd
With ready inclination; But Mankind

- Ef. 10. 5. Alone rebels against his Makers will,
 Ps. 73 & 66. Which tho' opposing he must yet fulfill.
 And so that wise Power, who each crooked stream
 Most rightly guides, becomes the glorious theam
 Of endless admiration, while we see,
 Whatever mortals vain endeavours be,
 They must be broken who with Power contend,
 Eccl. 6. 10. And cannot frustrate their Creators End,
 Ef. 27. 4. Whose Wisdom, Goodness, Might and Glory shines
 Gen. 45. In guiding mens unto his own designs.
 4. 5. In these outgoings would I sing his praise,
 Act. 2. 23. But my weak sense with the too glorious rays
 Gen. 50. 20. Is struck with such confusion, that I find
 Only the worlds first Chaos in my mind,
 Where Light and Beauty lie wrapt up in seed,
 And cannot be from the dark prison freed,
 Except that Power, by whom the world was made,
 My soul in her imperfect strugglings aid,
 Her rude conceptions into forms dispose,
 And words impart, which may those forms disclose.
 O thou eternal spring of glory, whence
 Jam. 1. 17. All other streams derive their excellence,
 From whose Love issues every good desire,
 Quicken my dull earth with celestial fire,
 And let the sacred theam that is my choice,
 Give utterance and musick to my voice,
 Rom. 1. 15. Singing the works by which thou art reveal'd.
 What dark Eternity hath kept conceal'd
 From mortals apprehensions, what hath been
 Before the race of Time did first begin,
 It were presumptuous folly to enquire.
 Deut. 29. Let not my thoughts beyond their bound aspire,
 29. Time limits mortals, and Time had its birth,
 Gen. 1. 1. In whose Beginning God made Heaven and Earth.

God, the great *Elohim*, to say no more,
 Whose sacred Name we rather must adore
 Than venture to explain; for He alone
 Dwells in himself, and to himself is known,
 And so, even that by which we have our sight,
 His covering is, *He clothes himself with light*.
 Easier we may the winds in prison shut,
 The whole vast Ocean in a nut-shell put,
 The Mountains in a little ballance weigh,
 And with a Bullrush plumm the deepest Sea,
 Than stretch frail humane thought unto the height
 Of the great God, Immense, and Infinite,
 Containing all things in himself alone,
 Being at once in all, contain'd in none.
 Yet as a hidden spring appears in streams,
 The Sun is seen in its reflected beams,
 Whose high embodied Glory is too bright,
 Too strong an object for weak mortal sight;
 So in Gods visible productions, we
 What is invisible, in some sort see;
 While we considering each created thing,
 Are led up to an uncreated spring,
 And by gradations of successive Time,
 At last unto Eternity do climb,
 As we in tracks of second causes tread
 Unto the first uncaused cause are led;
 And know, while we perpetual motion see
 There must a first self-moving Power be,
 To whom all the inferiour motions tend,
 In whom they are begun, and where they end.
 This First eternal Cause, th' Original
 Of Being, Life, and Motion, GOD we call;
 In whom all Wisdom, Goodness, Glory, Might,
 Whatever can himself or us delight

Job 11. 7.

1 Tim. 6.

17.

Ps. 104. 2.

Ef. 40. 12.

Job 38.

Rom. 1. 20.

Heb. 11.

Efai. 44. 6.

Rom. 1. 20.

Heb. 11.

Efai. 44. 6.

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Heb. 11.

Efai. 44. 6.

Rom. 1. 20.

Heb. 11.

Efai. 44. 6.

Unite,

Eph. 4. 5. Unite, centring in his Perfection,
 Whose Nature can admit but only One;
 Divided Sovereignty makes neither great,
 Wanting what's shar'd to make the sum complete.
 And yet this sovereign sacred Unitie
 Is not alone, for in this one are three,
 Distinguisht, not divided, so that what
 One person is, the other is not that;
 Yet all the three, are but one God most High,
 One uncompounded, pure Divinity
 Wherein subsist so, the Mysterious three,
 That they in Power and Glory equal be,
 Each doth himself, and all the rest possess
 In undisturbed joy and blessedness
 There's no Inferiour, nor no Later there,
 All Coeternal, all Coequal, are
 And yet this Parity Order admits
 The Father first, eternally begets,
 Within himself, his Son, substantial Word
 And Wisdom, as his second, and their third
 The ever blessed spirit is, which doth
 Alike eternally proceed from both
 These three, distinctly thus, in one Divine
 Pure, Perfect, Self-supplying Essence shine
 And all cooperate in all works done
 Exteriourly, yet so, as every one,
 In a peculiar manner suited to
 His Person, doth the common action do.
 Herein the Father is the Principal,
 Whose sacred counsels are th' Original
 Of every Act; produced by the Son,
 By the Spirit wrought up to perfection,
 The Creation thus, by the Fathers wise decree,
 Such things should in such time, and order be,

The first foundation of the world was laid, And thence began
 The Fabrique, by th' Eternal Word, was made Hec. 1. 2.
 Not as th' instrument, but joynt actor, who Joh. 1. 9.
 Joy'd to fulfill the counsels which he knew. Gen. 1. 2.
 By the concurrent Spirit all parts were: Job 26. 13.
 Fitly dispos'd, distinguish'd, rendred fair, Rev. 4. 11.
 In such harmonious and wise order set, Psal. 147.
 As universal Beauty did compleat. Eccl. 1. 2.
 This most mysterious Triple Unitie, A. 17. 24.
 In Essence One, and in subsistence Three, Job 33. 12.
 Was that great *Elohim*, who first design'd, Psalm 95. 4.
 Then made the Worlds, that Angels and Mankind Rev. 19. 6.
 Him in his rich out-goings might adore, Ps. 16. 17.
 And celebrate his praise for evermore; Gen. 17.
 Who from Eternity himself supplied, 10.
 And had no need of any thing beside, Job 34. 2.
 Nor any other cause that did him move Psalm 135.
 To make a World, but his extensive Love, Rev. 1. 8.
 It self delighting to communicate; And
 Its Glory in the creatures to dilate, B
 While they are led by their own excellence
 T' admire the first, pure, high Intelligence,
 By all the Powers and vertues which they have,
 To that Omnipotence who those Powers gave;
 By all their glories and their joys to his,
 Who is the fountain of all joy and blis;
 By all their wants and imbecillities,
 To the full magazine of rich supplies,
 Where Power, Love, Justice, and Mercy shine
 In their still fixed heights, and ne're decline.
 No streams can shrink the self-supplying spring,
 No retributions can more fulness bring
 To the eternal fountain, which doth run
 In sacred circles, ends where it begun,

Ed. 4. r. 4. And thence with inexhausted life and force
 Begins again a new, yet the same course
 It instituted in Times infant birth,

Gen. 1. 1. When the Creator first made *Heaven and Earth.*

Time. Time though it all things into motion bring
Be reseth Is not it self any substantial thing,
In Capite, But only Motions measure; As a twin
Principio. Born with it; and they both at once begin

With the existence of the rolling Sphere,
 Before which neither time nor motion were.

Time being a still continued number, made
 By the vicissitude of Light and Shade,

By the Moons growth, and by her waxing old,

By the successive Reign of heat and cold,

Thus leading back all ages to the womb

Of vast Eternity from whence they come,

And bringing new successions forth; until

Heaven its last revolutions shall fulfil,

And all things unto their first state restore,

Rev. 10. 6. When Motion ceasing, Time shall be no more;

But with the visible Heavens shall expire

2 Pet. 3. 12. While they consume in the worlds funeral fire;

Heb. 12. Th' invisible Heavens being still the same,

27, 28. Shall not be toucht by the devouring flame,

Treating of which, let's wave Platonick dreams

Of Worlds made in Idea, fitter theams

For Poets fancies, than the reverent view

Of Contemplation, fixt on what is true

And only certain, kept upon record

In the Creators own revealed word,

Which when it taught us how our world was made,

Wrapt up th' invisible in mystique shade,

Heaven. Yet through those clouds we see, God did create

A place his presence doth irradiate.

Where

Where he doth in his brightest lustre shine;
 Yet doth not his own Heaven, him confine:
 Although the Paradiſe of the fair world above,
 Each where perfum'd with ſweet reſpiring Love,
 Refreſht with Pleaſures never ſhrinking ſtreams,
 Illuſtrated with Lights unclouded beams,
 The happy land of peace and endless Reſt
 Which doth both ſoul and ſenſe with full joys feaſt,
 Feaſts that extinguiſh not the appetite
 Which is renew'd to heighten the delight.
 Here ſtands the Tree of life, deckt with fair fruit,
 Whoſe leaves health to the nations contribute,
 The ſpreading, true celeſtial Vine
 Where fruitful grafts and noble cluſters ſhine.
 Here Majeſty and Grace together meet;
 The Grace is glorious, and the Glory ſweet.
 Here is the Throne of th' univerſal King
 To which the ſuppliant world addreſſes bring.
 Here next him doth his Son in triumph ſit,
 Waiting till all his foes lie at his feet.
 Here is the Temple of his Holineſs,
 The Sanctuary for all ſad diſtreſs.
 Here is the Saints moſt ſure inheritance
 To which they all their thoughts and hopes advance.
 Here their rich recompence and ſafe reſt lies,
 For this they all th' inferior world deſpiſe;
 Yet not for this alone, though this excel,
 But for that Deity who here doth dwell;
 For heaven it ſelf to Saints no heaven were
 Did not their God afford his preſence there;
 But now, as he inhabits it, it is
 The treaſure-houſe of everlaſting bliſs,
 The Fathers houſe, the Pilgrims home, the Port
 Of happineſs, th' illuſtrious Regal Court,

Heb. 11. 127

10. 13

Eſ. 66. 1. 13

Mat. 5. 34.

1 King. 8. 2

27. 1. 13

Luk. 23. 2

43.

1 Cor. 13.

13.

1 Joh. 4.

16.

Pſal. 16. 11.

Rev. 20. 4

Heb. 4. 9.

Rev. 14.

13.

Rev. 22. 2.

Joh. 15. 1.

Rev. 21. 1.

23. 26.

A. 2. 2. 9. 1

P. 1. 1. 1

Ex. 15. 17,

18.

Rev. 7. 17.

1 Pet. 1. 4.

Col. 3. 1, 2,

24.

Heb. 12. 2.

Pſal. 73. 25.

2. 4. 13

2 Tim. 4. 3.

Joh. 14. 2.

Heb. 11.

Psal. 115. 1. The City that on the worlds summit stands,
 & 122. 3. United in it self, not made with hands;
 Heb. 12. 22. Whose Citizens, Walls, Pavements are so bright
 2 Cor. 5. 1. They need no Sun in Gods more radiant Light.
 Rev. 21. 23. The pure air being not thickned with dark clouds,
 No sable night the constant glory shrowds;
 Nor needs there night, when no dull lassitude
 Doth into the unwearied soul intrude;
 New vigour flowing in with that dear joy
 Whose contemplation doth their lives employ.
 2 Cor. 12. 2. This heaven, the third to us within,
 The first, if from the outside we begin,
 Is incorruptible, and still the same,
 1 Pet. 1. 4. Confirm'd by him who did its substance frame:
 No time its strong foundations can decay,
 Its renew'd glory faderh not away.
 Joel 2. 30. The other heavens which it doth enfold,
 Esa. 34. 4. In tract of time as garments shall wax old,
 Pl. 102. 26. And all their outworn glory shall expire
 1 Pet. 3. 7. In the worlds dreadful last devouring fire;
 12. But this shall still unchangeable remain,
 While all the rolling Spheres which it contains
 Shall be again into their Chaos whirl'd
 At the last dissolution of the world.
 For God, who made this blessed place to be
 The habitation of his Sanctitie,
 Rev. 21. Admitting nothing into it that's vile,
 27. Nothing that can corrupt, or can defile,
 Never withdraws his gracious presence thence
 Et. 4. 5. But is on all the Glory a defence.
 Nor are his Gates ere shut by night or day,
 His only dread keeps all foes far away.
 Angels. He not for need, but for Majestick state,
 Innumerable hosts of Angels did create.

To be his outguards, in respect of whom
 He doth his name *El-tzeboim* assume.
 These perfect, pure Intelligences be,
 Excel in Might, and in Celeritie,
 Whose sublime natures, and whose agile powers,
 Are vastly so superiour unto ours,
 Our narrow thoughts cannot to them extend,
 And things so far above us comprehend,
 As in themselves, although in part we know,
 Some scantlings by appearances below,
 And sacred Writ, wherein we find there be
 Distinguisht Orders in their Hierarchie;
 Arch-Angels, Cherubims, and Seraphims,
 Who celebrate their God with holy Hymns.
 Ten thousand thousand vulgar Angels stand
 All in their ranks, waiting the Lords command,
 Which with prompt inclination of their will,
 And chearful, swift obedience they fulfil,
 Whether he them to save poor men employ,
 Or send them arm'd, proud rebels to destroy;
 Whether he them to mighty Monarchs send,
 Or bid them on poor Pilgrim Saints attend,
 Whether they must in heavenly lustre go,
 Or walk in mortal mean disguise below:
 So kind, so humble are they, though so high,
 They do it with the same alacrity.
 Why blush we not at our vain pride, when we
 Such condescension in Heavens Courtiers see,
 That they who sit on heavenly thrones above,
 Scorn not to serve poor worms with fervent Love?
 And joyful praises to th' Almighty sing,
 When they a mortal to their own home bring?
 How gracious is the Lord of all, that He
 Should thus consider poor mortalitie,

Such

Esa. 48. 2.

Mat. 26.

53.

2 Sam. 14.

17.

2 Thef. 1. 7.

Dan. 9. 21.

Ef. 6. 6.

Col. 2. 18.

Rom. 8. 38.

1 Thef. 4.

16.

Pl. 103. 20.

21.

Gen. 3. 24.

Dan. 7. 10.

Mat. 6. 10.

Psal. 91.

11, 12.

2 King. 19.

35.

Gen. 32. 1.

Luk. 2. 13.

14.

Gen. 32.

1, 2.

Gen. 19. 1.

Psa. 104. 4.

Lu. 16. 20.

Mat. 13.

39.

Such powers for us, into those powers diffuse,
 Such glorious servants, in our service, use?
 Who whether they, with Light, or Heaven, had
 Creation, were within the six days made:
 But leave we looking through the veil, nor pry

Too long on things wrapt up in mystery,
 Reserv'd to be our wonder at that time,

When we shall up to their high mountain climb.

Besides th' Emphyrean heaven we are told
 Of divers other heavens which we behold
 Only by Reasons eye, yet were not they
 If made at least distinguish'd the first day.

Then from the height we cannot comprehend,
 Let us to our inferiour world descend.

Earth's The Earth at first was a vast empty place,

Chaos A rude congection without form or grace;

Gen. 1. 2. A confus'd mass of undistinguish'd seed;

Darkness the deep, the Deep the solid hid;

Where things did in imperfect Causes sleep;

Until Gods Spirit mov'd the quiet deep;

Brooding the creatures under wings of Love;

As tender birds hatch'd by a Turtle Dove.

Light first of albes radiant wings display'd,

Gen. 1. 3. God call'd forth Light: that word the creature made.

4. 5. Whether it were the natures more divine

Or the bright mansion where just souls must shine;

Or the first matter of those Tapers which

The since-made firmament do still enrich;

It is not yet agreed among the wise:

But thus the day did out of Chaos rise,

And casts its bright beams on the floating world;

O're which soon envious night her black mists hurl'd

Damping the new-born splendour for a space,

Till the next morning did her shadows chase

With

With restor'd beauty and triumphant force,
 Returning to begin another course.
 An emblem of that everlasting feud
 'Twixt sons of light, and darkness still pursued;
 And of that frail imperfect state wherein
 The wasting lights of mortal men begin;
 Whose comforts, honours, lives, soon as they shine
 Must all to sorrows, changes, death resign;
 Even their wisdoms and their virtues light
 Are hid by envies interposing night.
 But though these splendors all in graves are thrown,
 Wherever the true seed of light is sown,
 The Powers of Darkness may contend in vain,
 It shall a conquerour rise and ever reign.
 For when God the victorious morning view'd,
 Approving his own work he said 'twas good:
 And of inanimate creatures sure the best,
 As that which shews and beautifies the rest,
 Those melancholy thoughts which night creates
 And seeds in mortal bosoms, dissipates:
 In its own nature subtle, swift and pure,
 Which no polluted mirror can endure.
 By it th' Almighty Maker doth disperse
 To earthy creatures, heavenly influence;
 By it with angels swiftness are our eyes,
 Exalted to the glory of the skies,
 In whose bright character the light divine,
 Which flesh cannot behold, doth dimly shine.
 Thus was the first Day made; God so call'd Light,
 Sever'd from Darkness, Darkness was the Night.

Joh. 3. 19,
 20, 21.
 Col. 1. 12,
 13.
 1 Pet. 1. 24.

Ps. 97. 11.

Canto II.

Gen. 1. 6.

The Firmament.

Pfal. 104.

2. 3.

Job 38. 22.

23.

A Gain spoke God ; the trembling waters move,
 Part flie up in thick mists, made clouds above,
 Part closer shrink about the earth below,
 But did not yet the mountains dry heads show.
 Th' allforming Word stretcht out the Firmament,
 Like azure curtains round his glorious Tent,
 And in its hidden chambers did dispose
 The magazines of Hail, and Rain, and Snows,
 Amongst those thicker clouds, from whose dark womb
 Th' imprison'd winds, in flame and thunder come.
 Those Clouds which over all the wondrous Arch
 Like hosts of various formed creatures march,
 And change the Scenes in our admiring eyes ;
 Who sometimes see them like vast mountains rise.
 Sometimes like pleasant Seas with clear waves glide,
 Sometimes like Ships on foaming billows ride,
 Sometimes like mounted warriors they advance,
 And seem to fire the smoaking Ordinance.
 Sometimes like shady Forests they appear,
 Here Monsters walking, Castles rising there.
 Scorn Princes your embroider'd Canopies,
 And painted roofs, the poor whom you despise
 With far more ravishing delight are fed,
 While various clouds sayl o're th' unhoufed head,

And

And their heav'd eyes with nobler scenes present
Than your Poetick Courtiers can invent.

Thus the exalted waters were dispos'd,

2 Pet. 3. 5.

And liquid Skies the solid world enclos'd,

To magnifie the most almighty hand,

That makes thin floods like rocks of crystal stand,

Job 37. 18.

Not quenching, nor drunk up by that bright wall

Of fire, which neighbouring them, encircles all.

The new built Firmament God Heaven nam'd,

And over all the Arch his windows fram'd,

From whence his liberal hand at due time pours

Upon the thirsty earth refreshing showers;

Pf. 147. 16,

And clothes her bosome with descending Snow

17, 18.

To cherish the young seeds when cold winds blow :

Job 26. to

Hence every night his fatning dews he sheds,

the end.

And scatters Pearls amidst th' enamel'd beds.

Pf. 18. 8, 9,

But when presumptuous sins the bright arch scale,

10, 11, 12,

He beats them back with terrifying hail :

13, 14.

Which like small shot amidst his foes he sends,

Job 38.

Till flaming Thunder, his great Ordnance, rends

27, &c.

The clouds, which, big with horror, ready stand

To pour their burthens forth at his command.

Ex. 9. 2.

But th' unpolluted air as yet had not

From mortals impious breath infection got,

Enlightned then by a superiour ray

A serene lustre deckt the second day.

Th' inferiour Globe was fashion'd on the third,

When waters at the all-commanding word

Gen. 1. 10,

Did hastily into their channels glide,

&c.

And the uncover'd hills as soon were dried.

Psa. 104. 6,

In the same body thus, distinct, and joyn'd,

7, 8, 9, 10.

Water and earth, as flesh and blood, we find.

The late collected waters God call'd Seas.

Springs, Lakes, streams, and broad Rivers are from these

Which

C

Brancht,

- Brancht, like life-feeding veins, in every land,
 Yet wheresoe're they seem to flow or stand,
 Eccl. 1. 7. As all in the vast Oceans bosome bred,
 They daily reassemble in their head,
 Which thorough secret conduits back conveys
 To every Spring, the tribute that it pays.
 Eccl. 1. 4. So ages from th' Eternal bosome creep,
 So lose them selves again in that vast deep.
 So Empires, so all other humane things,
 With winding Streams run to their native springs.
 Rom. 4. 22. So all the goodness mortals exercise
 Eph. 2. 6. Flows back to God out of his own supplies.
 Now the great fabrick in all parts compleat,
 Beauty was call'd forth to adorn the seat;
 Ps. 102. 25. Where Earth, fixt in the Centre, was the ground,
 Job 26. 7. A mantle of light air compass it round;
 Then first the warrie, then the fiery wall,
 And glittering heaven last involving all.
 Earth's fair green robe vi'd with the azure skies,
 Her proud Woods near the flaming Towers did rise.
 The valleys Trees, though less in breadth and height,
 Gen. 2. 9. Yet hung with various fruit, as much delight.
 Beneath these little shrubs and bushes sprung
 With fair flowers cloth'd, and with rich berries hung,
 Whose more delightful fruits seem'd to upbraid
 The tall trees yielding only barren shade.
 Ps. 104. 14. Then sprouted Grasse and Herbs and Plants
 Prepar'd to feed the earth's inhabitants,
 To glad their nostrils, and delight their eyes,
 Revive their spirits, cure their maladies.
 Nor by these are the senses only fed,
 But th' understanding too, while we may read
 In every leaf, lectures of Providence,
 Eternal Wisdom, Love, Omnipotence.

Which

Which th' eye that sees not, with Hells mists is blind,
 That which regards not, is of brutish kind
 The various colours, figures, powers of these
 Are their Creators growing witnesses,
 Their glories emblems are, wherein we see
 How frail our humane lives and beauties be.
 Even like those flowers which at the Sun-rise spread
 Their gawdy leaves, and are at evening dead.
 Yet while they in their native lustre shine,
 The Eastern Monarchs are not half so fine.
 In richer robes God clothes the dirty soul
 Than men can purchase by their sin and toil.
 Then rather Fields than painted Courts admire,
 Yet seeing both, think both must feed the fire:
 Only Gods works have roots and seeds, from whence
 They spring again in grace and excellence,
 But mens have none, like hasty lightning, they
 Flash out, and so for ever pass away.
 This fair Creation finish'd the third day,
 In whose end, God did the whole work survey,
 The Seas, the Skies, the Trees, and less plants view'd,
 And by his approbation made them good;
 In all the plants did living seeds enclose,
 Whence their successive generations rose,
 Gave them those powers which in them still remain,
 Whereby they man and beast with food sustain.
 Thrice had the day to gloomy night resign'd,
 And thrice victorious o're the darkness shin'd,
 Before the mediate cause of it, the Sun
 Or any star had their creation.
 For with th' Omnipotent it is all one
 To cause the day without, or by the Sun.
 God in the world by second causes reigns,
 But is not tied to those means he ordains.

Pf. 90. 3, 6.

Job 14. 2.

Ec. 40. 6.

7, 8.

Mat. 6. 28,

29, 30.

Jam. 1. 10,

11. 2.

Job 14.

7, 8.

1 Cor. 3. 15.

Gen. 1. 12.

The
fourth
day.

Hab. 3. 17, Let no heart faint then that on him depends,
 18. When the means fail, that lead to their wisht ends.

For God the thing, if good, will bring about
 With instruments we see not, or without.
 The fourth Light having now expell'd the shade:
 Gen. 1. 14. God on that day the Luminaries made,
 &c. And plac'd them all in their peculiar sphears
 To measure out our days, and months, and years,
 Which by their various motions are renew'd,
 And heat and cold have their vicissitude:
 So Springs and Autumns still successive be,
 Till ages lose them in Eternity.

Sun. The Sun whom th' Hebrews Gods great servant call,
 Plac'd in the middle Orb, as Lord of all,
 Is in a radiant flaming chariot whirl'd,
 Psal. 19. 4. And dayly carried round about the world
 5, 6. By the first Movers force, who in that race
 Scatters his light and heat in every place,
 Yet not at once. Now in the East he shines,
 And then again to the Western deep declines,
 Seeming to quench his blazing taper there
 While it enlightens the other Hemisphere.
 Thus he their share of day and night divides
 Unto each world in their alternate tides.
 But then his Orb by its own motion roll'd;
 Varies the seasons, brings in heat and cold,
 As it projects its rays in a straight line,
 Or more obliquely on the Earth doth shine.
 And thus doth he to the low world dispense
 Life-feeding and engendring influence.

Adon. This Lord of Day with his reflected light
 Guilds the pale Moon the Empress of the night,
 Whose dim Orb monthly waxes and grows,
 Doth at the first sharp pointed horns disclose,

Then:

Then half, then her full-shining Globe reveals,
Which waining she by like degrees conceals.

The other glittering Planets now appear
Each as a King enthron'd in his own Sphear;
Then the eighth heaven in fuller lustre shines
Thick set with stars. All these were made for signs
That mortals by observing them might know
Due times to cultivate the earth below,
To gather fruits, plant trees, and sow their seed,
To cure their herds, and let their fair flocks breed,
Into safe harbours to retire their ships,
Again to launch out into the calm deeps,
Their wandring vessels in broad seas to guide,
When the lost shores no longer are descried;
Physicians to direct in their great art,
And other useful knowledge to impart.
Nor were they only made for signs to shew
Fit opportunities for things we do,
But in their various aspects too we read
Various events which shall in time succeed,
Droughts, inundations, famines, plagues and wars,
By several conjunctions of the Stars,
At least shewn, if not caus'd, through the strong powers
And workings Astral bodies have on ours,
Which as above they variously are joyn'd,
So are their subjects here below, enclin'd
To sadness, mirth, dread, quiet, love or hate,
All that may calm, or trouble any state.
Yet are they but a second cause, which God
Shakes over sinners as a flaming rod,
And further manages in his own hands,
To scourge the pride of all rebellious lands;
Falsely and vainly do blind mortals then,
To them impute the fates and ills of men,

Stars.

Ast. 27. 10.

When

- When their sinister operations be
 Only th' effects of mens iniquitie,
 Which makes the Lord his glittering hosts thus send
 Judg. 5. To execute the just threats they portend.
 Nor are they characters of wrath alone,
 They sometimes have Gods grace to mankind shown,
 Mat. 2. Such was that new Star which did heaven adorn,
 When the great King of the whole word was born.
 Such were those stars that fought for *Israel*
 When *Jabins* vanquish't host, by Gods host fell.
 Even those Stars which threaten misery and woe
 To wicked men, to Saints deliverance show:
 Lu. 22. 28. For when God cuts the bloody Tyrant down,
 He will their lives with peace and blessings crown.
 Thus the fourth evening did the fourth day close,
 And where the Sun went down, the Stars arose.
 New triumph now the fifth day celebrates,
 The perfum'd morning opes her purple gates,
 Psal. 19. Through which the Suns Pavilion doth appear
 And he array'd in all his lustre there,
 Like a fresh Bridegroom with majestic grace,
 And joy diffusing vigour in his face,
 Comes gladly forth, to greet his virgin bride,
 Trick'd up in all her ornaments and pride;
 Her lovely maids at his approach unfold
 Their gaudie vests, on which he scatters gold,
 Both chearing and enriching every place,
 Through which he passes in his glorious race.
 But though he found a noble Theatre,
 As yet in it no living creatures were;
 Though flowry carpets spread the whole Earths face,
 And rich embroideries the upper Arch did grace,
 And standards on the mountains stood between
 Bearing festoones like pillars wreath'd with green,

The velvet couches and the mossy seats,
 The open walks and the more close retreats
 Were all prepar'd; Yet no foot trod the woods;
 Nor no mouth yet had toucht the pleasant floods;
 No weary creature had repos'd its head
 Among the sweet perfumes of the low bed;
 The air was not respir'd in living breath,
 Throughout a general stilness reign'd, like death.
 The King of day came forth, but unadmir'd,
 Like unprais'd gallants blushing retir'd;
 As an uncourted beauty, Nights pale Queen,
 Grew sick to shine where she could not be seen.
 When the Creator first for mute herds calls,
 And bade the waters bring forth animals:
 Then was all shell-fish and each Scaly race
 At once produc'd, in their assigned place,
 The crooked Dolphins, great *Leviathan*,
 And all the Monsters of the Ocean,
 Like wanton kids among the billows play'd,
 Nor was there after on the dry land made
 Any one beast of less or greater kind
 Whose like we do not in the waters find;
 Where every greater fish devours the less,
 As mighty Lords poor Commoners oppress.

Next the Almighty by his forming Word
 Made the whole plumie race, and every bird
 Its proper place assign'd, while with light wings
 All mounted heaven, some o're the lakes and springs,
 Some over the vast Fens and Seas did flie,
 Some near the ground, some in the cloudy skie,
 Some in high trees their proud nests built, some chose
 The humble shrubs for their more safe repose,
 Some did the marshes, some the rivers love,
 Some the Corn-fields, and some the shady grove.

That

Gen. I 20,
&c.

Job 41.

That silence which reign'd every where before;
 Its universal Empire held no more,
 Even night and darkness its own dear retreat
 Could not preserve it in their reign compleat:
 The Nightingales with their complaining notes,
 Ravens and Owls with their ill-boding throats,
 And all the birds of night, shrill crowing Cocks
 c Whose due kept times, made them the worlds first clocks,
 All interrupted it, even in the night,
 But at the first appearance of the light
 A thousand voyces, the green woods whole quire
 With their loud musick do the day admire;
 The Lark doth with her single carol rise,
 To welcome the fair morning in the skies;
 The amorous and still complaining Dove,
 Courts not the day, but woes her own fair love;
 The Jays and Crows against each other rayl,
 And chattering Pies begin their gossips tale:
 Thus life was carri'd on, which first begun
 In growth of plants, in fishes motion,
 And next declar'd it self in living sound,
 Whilst various noise the yielding air did wound.
 Various instincts the Birds by nature have,
 Which God to them in their creation gave,
 That unto their observers do declare
 The storms and calms approaching in the air,
 That teach them how to build their nests at spring,
 And hatch their young under their nursing wing,
 To lead abroad and guard their tender brood,
 To know their hurtful and their healing food,
 To feed them till their strength be perfect grown,
 And after teach them how to feed alone.
 Could we the lessons they hold forth improve,
 We might from some learn chaste and constant love,

Conjugal kindness of the paired Swans,
 Paternal Bounty of the Pelicans,
 While they are prodigal of their own blood
 To feed their chickens with that precious food.
 Wisdom of those who when storms threat the Skie,
 In thick assemblies to their shelter flie,
 And those who seeing devourers in the air,
 To the safe covert of the wing repair.
 The gall-less doves would teach us innocence,
 And the whole race to hang on Providence;
 Since not the least bird that divides the air
 Exempted is from the Almighty's care,
 Whose bounty in due seasons, feeds them all,
 Prepares them berries when the thick snows fall,
 Cloaths them in many colour'd plumes, which vain
 Men borrow, yet the Peacocks' gawdy train
 More beautifully is by nature drest,
 Than art can make it on the Gallants crest.
 This priviledge these creatures had to raise
 Their voices first in their great Makers praise,
 Which when the morning opes her rolie gate
 They with consenting musick celebrate;
 Again with hunger pincht to God they cry,
 And from his liberal hand receive supply,
 Who them and all his watty creatures view'd,
 And saw that they in all their kinds were good.
 Then blest them that for due successions they
 Might multiply. So los'd he the fifth day.

And now the Sun the third time rais'd his head
 And rose the sixth day from his watty bed,
 When God commands the teeming earth to bring
 Forth great and lesser beasts, each reptile thing
 That on her bosome creeps, the word obey'd,
 Immediately were all the creatures made.

Mat. 10.

16.

Mat. 8. 26.

& 10. 19.

Gen. 1. 24.

Like Hermits some made hollow rocks their Cell,
 And did in their prepared mansions dwell,
 The vermine, Weazils, Fulmots and blind Moles,
 Lay hid in clefts of trees, in crannies and in holes,
 The Serpents lodg'd in Marishes and fens,
 The savage beasts sought thickers, caves and dens.
 Tame herds and flocks in open pastures stay'd,
 And wanton kids upon the mountains play'd,
 Here life almost to its perfection grew
 While God these various creatures did indue
 With various properties, and various sense,
 But little short of humane excellence,
 Save what we in the Brutes dispersed find,
 Is all collected in mans nobler mind,
 Who to the high perfection of his sense,
 Hath added a more high intelligence.
 Yet several Brutes have noble faculties,
 Some apprehensive are, some subtle, wise,
 Some have invention and docility,
 Some wonderful in imitation be,
 Some with high generous courage are endued,
 With kindness some, and some with gratitude,
 With memory some, and some with providence,
 With natural love, and with meek innocence :
 Some watchful are, and some laborious be,
 Some have obedience, some true loyalty.
 Among them too we all the passions find,
 Some more to love, some more to hate inclin'd.
 The musing Hare and the lightfooted Deer
 Are under the predominance of fear ;
 Goats and hot Monkeys are with lust possess'd,
 Rage governs in the savage Tygres brest ;
 Jealousie doth the hearts of fierce Bulls move
 Impatient of all rivals in their love.

Some sportive, and some melancholy be,
 Some proner to revenge and crueltie.
 The Kingly Lion in his bosome hath
 The fiery seed of self-provoking wrath,
 Joy is no stranger to the savage brest,
 As oft with love, hate and desire posselt,
 Through the aversion and the appetite
 Which all these passions in their hearts excite,
 God cloth'd them all in several woolls and hair,
 Whereof some meaner, some more precious be,
 Which men now into garments weave and spin,
 Nor only wear their fleeces, but their skin;
 Besides employ their teeth, bones, claws, and horn,
 Some Medicines be, and some the house adorn.
 A thousand other various ways we find,
 Wherein alive and dead they serve mankind,
 Who from th' obedience they to him afford
 Might learn his duty to his Sovereign Lord.

EL 1. 3.

D 2

Canto

Canto III.

NOW was the glorious Universe complet:
 And every thing in beauteous order set,
 When God, about to make the King of all,
 Did in himself a sacred council call;
 Not that he needed to deliberate,
 But pleas'd t' allow solemnity and state,
 To wait upon that noble creatures birth

Pfal. 8. 6. For whom he had design'd both heaven and earth::
 Gen. 1. 26, 27. Let us, said God, with sovereign power indued:
 Make man after our own similitude,

Eph. 4. 24. Let him our sacred imprest image bear
 Psal. 8. Ruling o're all in earth, and sea, and air.

Then made the Lord a curious mold of clay,
 Which lifeless on the earth's cold bosome lay,
 When God did it with living breath inspire,
 A soul in all, and every part entire,
 Where life ris' above motion, sound and sense:
 To higher reason and intelligence;
 And this is truly termed life alone,
 Which makes lifes fountain to the living known.

This

This life into it self doth gather all
 The rest maintain'd by its original,
 Which gives it Being, Motion, Sense, Warmth, Breath,
 And those chief Powers that are not lost in death.

Thus was the noblest creature the last made,
 As he in whom the rest perfection had,
 In whom both parts of the great world were joyn'd,
 Earth in his members, Heaven in his mind;
 Whose vast reach the whole Universe compriz'd,
 And saw it in himself epitomiz'd,
 Yet not the Centre nor Circumference can
 Fill the more comprehensive soul of Man,
 Whose life is but a progress of desire,
 Which still enjoy'd, doth something else require,
 Unsatisfied with all it hath pursued
 Until it rest in God, the Sovereign Good.

Eccl. 3. 11.

Mat. 11.

25.

The earthly mansion of this heavenly guest
 Peculiar privileges too possesseth,
 Whereas all other creatures clothed were
 In Shells, Scales, gaudy Plumes, or Woolls, or Hair,
 Only a fair smooth skin o're man was drawn,
 Like Damask roses blushing through pure Lawn.
 The azure veins, where blood and spirits flow,
 Like Violets in a field of Lillies shew.
 As others have a down bent countenance,
 He only doth his head to heaven advance,
 Resembling thus a Tree whose noble root
 In heaven grows, whence all his graces shoot.
 He only on two upright columns stands,
 He only hath, and knows the use of hands,
 Which Gods rich bounties for the rest receive,
 And aid to all the other members give,
 He only hath a voice articulate,
 Varied by joy, grief, anger, love and hate,

Ps. 44. 12.

And

And every other motion of the mind
Which hereby doth an apt expression find,
Hereby glad mirth in laughter is alone
By man exprest; in a peculiar groan,
His grief comes forth, accompanied with tears,
Peculiar shrieks utter his suddain fears.

Herein is Musick too, which sweetly charms

Prov 15.1. The sense, and the most savage heart disarms.

The Gate of this God in the head did place,

The head which is the bodies chiefest grace,

11.3. The noble Palace of the Royal guest

Within by Fancy and Invention drest,

With many pleasant useful Ornaments

Which new Imagination still presents,

Adorn'd without, by Majesty and Grace,

O who can tell the wonders of a face!

11.11. JAM

In none of all his fabriques more than here

Doth the Creators glorious Power appear,

That of so many thousands which we see

All humane creatures like, all different be;

If the Front be the glory of mans frame,

10.2. Those Lamps which in its upper windows flame,

Illustrate it, and as days radiant Star,

In the clear heaven of a bright face are.

1. Joh. 2. 26. Here Love takes stand, and here ardent Desire

Mit. 5. 28. Enters the soul, as fire drawn in by fire,

1. Pet. 2. 7. At two ports, on each side, the Hearing sense

Still waits to take in fresh intelligence,

But the false spies both at the ears and eyes,

Conspire with strangers for the souls surprize,

Jam. 3. 11. And let all life-perturbing passions in,

Which with tears, sighs and groans issue again,

Nor do those Labyrinths which like breast-works are,

About those secret Ports, serve for a Bar

To the false Sorcerers conducted by
 Mans own imprudent Curiosity.
 There is an Arch in the middle of the face
 Of equal necessary use and grace,
 For there men suck up the life-feeding air,
 And panting bosomes are discharged there;
 Beneath it is the chief and beauteous gate,
 About which various pleasant graces wait,
 When smiles the Rubie doors a little way
 Unfold, or laughter doth them quite display,
 And opening the Vermillion Curtains shows
 The Ivory piles set in two even rows,
 Before the portal, as a double guard,
 By which the busie tongue is helpt and barr'd;
 Whose sweet sounds charm, when love doth it inspire,
 And when hate moves it, set the world on fire.
 Within this portals inner vault is plac'd
 The palate where sense meets its joys in tast;
 On rising cheeks, beauty in white and red
 Strives with it self, white on the forehead spread
 Its undisputed glory there maintains,
 And is illustrated with azure veins.
 The Brows, Loves bow, and beauties shadow are,
 A thick set grove of soft and shining hair
 Adorns the head, and shews like crowning rays,
 While th'airs soft breath among the loose curls plays.
 Besides the colours and the features, we
 Admire their just and perfect Symmetrie,
 Whose ravishing resulstance is that air
 That graces all, and is not any where;
 Whereof we cannot well say what it is,
 Yet Beauties chiefeft excellence lies in this;
 Which mocks the Painters in their best designs,
 And is not held by their exactest lines.

Pro. 1. 10,
 11, 12.

Pro. 25. 11.

Ecc. 12.

11.

Jam. 3. 6.

But

But while we gaze upon our own fair frame
 Let us remember too from whence it came,
 And that by sin corrupted now, it must
 Job 4. 19. Return to its originary dust.
 How undecently doth pride then lift that head
 On which the meanest feet must shortly tread?

Ecc. 7. 29. Yet at the first it was with glory crown'd,
 Till Satans fraud gave it the mortal wound.
 This excellent creature God did *Adam* call
 To mind him of his low Original,
 Whom he had form'd out of the common ground
 Which then with various pleasures did abound.

The whole Earth was one large delightful Field,
 That till man sin'd no hurtful briars did yield,
 Gen. 2. 8. But God enclosing one part from the rest,
 A Paradise in the rich spicie East
 Had stor'd with Natures wealthy Magazine,
 Where every plant did in its lustre shine;
 But did not grow promiscuously there;
 They all dispos'd in such rich order were
 As did augment their single native grace,
 And perfected the pleasure of the place,
 To such a height that th' apeline art of man,
 Licentious Pens, or Pencils never can
 With all th' essays of all presuming wit,
 Or form or feign ought that approaches it,
 Whether it were a fruitful Hill or Vale,
 Whether high Rocks, or Trees did it impale;
 Or Rivers with their clear and kind embrace
 Into a pleasant Island form'd the place,
 Whether its noble scituation were
 On Earth, in the bright Moon, or in the Air,
 In what forms stood the various trees and flowers,
 The disposition of the walks and bowers,

Where-

Whereof no certain word, nor sign remains,
 We dare not take from mens inventive brains.
 We know there was pleasant and noble shade
 Which the tall growing Pines and Cedars made,
 And thicker covers, which the light and heat
 Ev'n at noon day could scarcely penetrate,
 A crystal River on whose verdant banks
 The crowned fruit-trees stood in lovely ranks,
 His gentle wave thorough the garden led,
 And all the spreading roots with moisture fed.
 But past th' enclosure, thence the single stream
 Parted in four, four noble floods became;
Pison whose large arms *Havilah* enfold;
 A wealthy land enricht with finest gold,
 Where also many precious stones are found;
 The second river *Gihon*, doth surround
 All that fair land where *Chus* inhabited,
 Where Tyranny first rais'd up her proud head,
 And led her blood-hounds all along the shore,
 Polluting the pure stream with crimson gore.
Edens third river *Phiddickell* they call,
 Whose waters Eastward in *Affiria* fall.
 The fourth *Euphrates* whose swift stream did run
 About the stately walls of *Babylon*;
 And in the revolution of some years
 Swell'd high, fed with the captiv'd Hebrews tears.
 God in the midst of Paradise did place
 Two trees, that stood up drest in all the grace,
 The verdure, beauty, sweetness, excellence,
 With which all else could tempt or feast the sense:
 On one apples of knowledge did abound,
 And life-confirming fruit the other crown'd.

And now did God the new created King
 Into the pleasures of his earthly palace bring:

Gen. 3. 8.

Gen. 2. 10.

Gen. 2. 11.

ver. 13.

ver. 14.

Gen. 2. 9.

The air, spice, balm, and amber did respire,
 His ears were feasted by the *Sylvan* Quire,
 Like country girls, grass flowers did dispute
 Their humble beauties with the high born fruit ;
 Both high and low their gawdy colours vied,
 As Courtiers do in their contentious pride,
 Striving which of them should yield most delight,
 And stand the finest in their Sovereigns sight.
 The shrubs with berries crown'd like precious gems,
 Offer'd their supreme Lord their Diadems
 Which did no single sense alone invite,
 Courting alike the eyes and appetite.
 Among all these the eye-refreshing green,
 Sometimes alone, sometimes in mixture seen,
 O're all the banks and all the flat ground spread,
 Seem'd an embroider'd, or plain velvet bed.
 And that each sense might its refreshment have,
 The gentle air soft pleasant touches gave
 Unto his panting limbs, whenever they
 Upon the sweet and mossie couches lay.

ver. 19,
 &c.

A shady Eminence there was, whereon
 The noble creature sate, as on his throne,
 When God brought every Fowl, and every Brute,
 That he might Names unto their natures suit,
 Whose comprehensive understanding knew
 How to distinguish them, at their first view ;
 And they retaining those names ever since,
 Are monuments of his first excellence,
 And the Creators providential grace,
 Who in those names, left us some prints to trace ;
 Nature, mysterious grown, since we grew blind,
 Whose Labyrinths we should less easily find
 If those first appellations, as a clue,
 Did not in some sort serve to lead us through,

And :

And rectifie that frequent gross mistake,
Which our weak judgements and sick senses make,
Since man ambitious to know more, that sin
Brought dulness, ignorance and error in.

Though God himself to man did condescend,
Though his knowlege to all natures did extend;
Though heaven and earth thus centred in his mind,
Yet being the only one of his whole kind,
He found himself without an equal mate,
To whom he might his joys communicate,
And by communication multiply.
Too far out of his reach was God on high,
Too much below him brutish creatures were,
God could at first have made a humane pair,
But that it was his will to let man see
The need and sweetness of societie;
Who, though he were his Makers Favourite,
Feasted in Paradise with all delight,
Though all the creatures paid him homage, yet
Was not his unimparted joy compleat,
While there was not a second of his kind,
Indued with such a form and such a mind,
As might alike his soul and senses feast:
He saw that every bird and every beast
Its own resemblance in its female viewed,
And only union with its like pursued.
Hence birds with birds, and fish with fish abide,
Nor those with beasts, nor beasts with these reside:
According to their several species too,
As several households in one City do,
So they with their own kinds associate:
The Kingly eagle hath no buzzard mate;
The ravens, more their own black feather love,
Than painted pheasants, or the fair-neck'd dove.

Society.

So Bears to rough Bears rather do encline
 Than to majestic Lions, or fair king.
 If it be thus with brutes, much less then can
 The brutish conversation suit with man.
 'Tis only like desires like things unite:
 In union likeness only seeds delight.
 Where unlike natures in conjunction are,
 There is no product but perpetual war,
 Such as there was in Natures troubled womb,
 Until the fever'd births from thence did come,
 For the whole world nor order had, nor grace
 Till fever'd elements each their own place
 Assigned were; and while in them they keep,
 Heaven still smiles above, th' untroubled deep
 With kind salutes embraces the dry land,
 Firm doth the earth on its foundation stand;
 A chearful light streams from th' ætherial fire,
 And all in universal joy conspire.
 But if with their unlike they attempt to mix,
 Their rude congressions every thing unfix;
 Darkness again invades the troubled skies,
 Earth trembling, under angry heaven lies;
 The Sea, swollen high with rage, comes to the shore
 And swallows that, which it but kist before;
 Th' unbounded fire breaks forth with dreadful light,
 And horrid cracks which dying nature fright,
 Till that high power, which all powers regulates,
 The disagreeing natures separates,
 The like to like rejoyning as before;
 So the worlds peace, joy, safety doth restore.
 Yet if man could not find in bird or brute
 That conversation which might aptly suit
 His higher nature, was it not sublime
 Enough, above the lower world to climb,

And

And in Angelick converse to delight,
 Although it could not reach the supreme height ?
 No ; for though man partake intelligence,
 Yet that being joyn'd to an inferiour sense,
 Dull'd by corporeal vapours, cannot be
 Refin'd enough for angels company :
 As strings screw'd up too high, as bows still bent
 Or break themselves, or crack the instrument ;
 So drops neglected flesh into the grave,
 If it no share in the souls pleasures have.
 Man like himself needs an associate,
 Who doth both soul and sense participate.
 Not the swift Horse, the eager Hawk, or Hound,
 Dogs, Parrots, Monkeys 'mongst whom *Adam* found
 No meet companion, thinking them too base
 For the society of humane race,
 Though his degenerate offspring chuse that now
 Which his sound reason could not then allow,
 But found himself amongst them all alone.
 Whether he beg'd a mate it is not known,
 Likely his want might send him to the spring ;
 For God who freely gives us every thing,
 Mercy endears by instilling the desire,
 And granting that which humbly we require :
 Howe're it was, God saw his solitude
 And gave his sentence that it was not good.
 Yet not a natural, nor a moral ill,
 Because his solitude was not his will
 Opposing his Creators End, as they
 Who into caves and deserts run away,
 Seeking perfection in that state, wherein
 A good was wanting when man had no sin.
 For without help to propagate mankind
 Gods glory had been to one breast confin'd,

Which

Ez. 36.37.

Gen. 2.18.

- Which multiplied Saints, do now conspire
 Throughout their generations to admire.
 Heb. 12. 23. Mans nature had not been the sacred shrine,
 Partner and bride of that which is divine ;
 The Church, fruit of this union, had not come
 To light, but perisht, stifled in the womb.
 Again 'tis not particularly good
 For man to waste his life in solitude,
 Whose nature for society design'd
 Can no full joy without a second find,
 Eccl. 4. 8. To whom he may communicate his heart,
 And pay back all the pleasures they impart ;
 For all the joys that we enjoy alone,
 And all our unseen lustre, is as none.
 If thus want of a partner did abate
 Mans happiness in mans most perfect state,
 Much more hath humane nature, now decay'd,
 Need of a suitable and a kind aid :
 It is not good, vertue should lie obscure,
 That barren rocks, rich treasures should immure,
 1 Cor. 12. Which our kind Lord to some, for all men gave,
 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, That all might share of all his bounties have.
 10, 11, 12. Not good, dark Lanthorns should shut up the light
 Mat. 5. 16. Of fair example, made for the dark night.
 15. Not good, experience should her candle hide,
 When weak ones perish, wanting her bright guide.
 Not good, to let unactive graces chill,
 No lively warmth receive, no good infill
 By quickning converse. Thus nor are the great,
 The wise, and firm, permitted to retreat,
 Betraying so deserted innocence,
 To which God made them conduct and defence.
 Nor may the simple and the weak expose
 Themselves alone, to strong and subtil foes ;

Men for each others mutual help were made,
 The meanest may afford the highest aid.
 The highest to necessity must yield,
 Even Princes are beholding to the field.
 He that from mortal converse steals away
 Injures himself, and others doth betray,
 Whom Providence committed to his trust,
 And in that act, nor prudent is nor just.
 For sweet friends both in pleasure and distress,
 Augment the joy, and make the torment less.
 Equal delight it is to learn and teach,
 To be held up to that we cannot reach,
 And others from the abject earth to raise
 To merit, and to give deserved praise.
 Wisdom imparted like th' encreasing bread,
 Wherewith the Lord so many thousands fed,
 By distribution adds to its own store,
 And still the more it gives it hath the more.
 Extended Power reaches it self a crown,
 Gathering up those whom misery casts down.
 Love raiseth us, it self to heaven doth rise,
 By vertues varied mutual exercise.
 Sweet love, the life of life, which cannot shine,
 But lies like Go'd concealed in the Mine,
 Till it through much exchange a brightness take
 And Conversation doth it current make.
 God having shew'd his creature thus the need
 Of humane helps, a help for man decreed:
 I will, said he, the mans meet aid provide.
 But that he from his waking view might hide
 Such a mysterious work, the Lord did keep
 All Adam's senses fast lock'd up in sleep.
 Then from his open'd side took without pain
 A cloathed rib, and clos'd the flesh again,

Eccl. 5.9.

Mat. 15.
36.Rom. 13.9,
10.

1 Cor. 13.

Gen. 2.21,
22.

And

And of the bone did a fair virgin frame
 Who, by her Maker brought, to *Adam* came
 And was in matrimonial Union joyn'd,
 By love and nature happily combin'd.
Adam's clear understanding at first view
 His wives original and nature knew;
 His will, as pure, did thankfully embrace,
 His fathers bounty, and admir'd his grace.

And as her sweet charms did his heart surprise
 He spoke his joy in these glad ecstasies,
 Thou art my better self, my flesh, my bone,

ver. 23, 24. We late of one made two, again in one
 Shall reunite, and with the frequent birth
 Of our joynt issue, people the vast earth.

To shew that thou wert taken out of me
Isa shall be thy name; As unto thee
 Ravisht with love and joy my soul doth cleave,
 So men hereafter shall their fathers leave,

Eph. 5. 31. And all relations else, which are most dear,
 Mar. 19. 5. That they may only to their wives adhere;
 When marriage male and female doth combine
 Children in one flesh shall two parents joyn.

Lastly, God, who the sacred knot had tied,
 With blessing his own Ordinance sanctified,
 Encrease, said he, and multiply your race,

Gen. 1. 28, Fill th' Earth allotted for your dwelling place,
 I give you right to all her fruits and plants,
 Dominion over her inhabitants;

The fish that in the floods deep bosome lie,
 All Fowls that in the airy region flie,
 Whatever lives and feeds on the dry land,
 Are all made subject under your command.

The grass and green herbs let your cattle eat,
 And let the richer fruits be your own meat,

Except the Tree of knowing good and ill,
That by the precept of my Sovereign will
You must not eat, for in the day you do,
Inevitable death shall seize on you.

Thus God did the first marriage celebrate
While man was in his unpolluted state,
And th' undefiled bed with honour deckt,
Though perverse men the Ordinance reject,
And pulling all its sacred Ensigns down
To the white Virgin only give the crown.
Nor yet is marriage grown less sacred since
Man fell from his created excellence,
Necessity now raises its esteem,
Which doth mankind from deaths vast jaws redeem,
Who even in their graves are yet alive,
While they in their posterity survive.
In it they find a comfort and an aid,
In all the ills which humane life invade.
This curbs and cures wild passions that arise,
Repairs times daily waists, with new supplies;
When the declining mothers youthful grace
Lies dead and buried in her wrinkled face,
In her fair daughters it revives and grows,
And her dead Cinder in their new flames glows.
And though this state may sometimes prove accurst,
For of best things, still the corruption's worst,
Sin so destroys an institution good,
Provided against death and solitude.

Eve out of sleeping *Adam* formed thus
A sweet instructive emblem is to us,
How waking Providence is active still
To do us good, and to avert our ill,
When we lock'd up in stupefaction lie,
Not dreaming that our blessings are so nigh.

Gen. 2. 22.

Heb. 13. 4.

Prov. 18. 22.

Psa. 127. 3.

45. 5.

Psa. 127. 3.

45. 5.

Job 32. 8.

16, 17, & c.

- Deut. 32. Blessings wrought out by providence alone
 36. Without the least assistance of our own
 Rom. 4. 19 Mans help produc'd in death-like sleep doth show,
 Our choicest mercies out of dead wombs flow.
 Joh. 19. So from the second ~~Adams~~ bleeding side
 34. God form'd the Gospel Church, his mystique Bride,
 1 Joh. 5. 6. Whose strength was only of his firmness made,
 Tit. 5. 5. Whose strength was only of his firmness made,
 Phil. 4. 13. His blood, quick spirits into ours convey'd:
 2 Cor. 12. His wasted flesh our wasted flesh supplied,
 9. And we were then revived when he died.
 Joh. 5. 2. Who wak'd from that short sleep with joy did view
 Eph. 2. 1, 5, 6, &c. The Virgin fair that out of his wounds grew,
 2 Tim. 1. Presented by th' eternal Fathers grace
 10. Unto his everlasting kind embrace:
 Ef. 53. 5. My spouse, my sister, said he, thou art mine;
 A.R. 20. I and my death, I and my life are thine;
 28. I and my death, I and my life are thine;
 Eph. 5. 25, 26, 27, &c. For thee I did my heavenly Father quit
 Rev. 5. 19. That thou with me on my high throne mayst sit,
 Joh. 17. 9. My mothers humane flesh in death did leave
 10. For thee, that I to thee might only cleave,
 Psal. 2. 8. Redeem thee from the confines of dark hell,
 Cant. 2. 16. And evermore in thy dear bosom dwell:
 & 4. 10. From heaven I did descend to fetch up thee,
 1 Cor. 3. 22, 23. Rose from the grave that thou mightst reign with me.
 Joh. 6. 38. Henceforth no longer two but one we are,
 39. Thou dost my merit, life, grace, glory share:
 Rev. 5. 9. As my victorious triumphs are all thine,
 10. So are thy injuries and sufferings mine,
 Phil. 2. 9. Which I for thee will vanquish as my own,
 Joh. 19. 27. And give thee rest in the celestial throne:
 Col. 2. 13. 14, 15. 1 Cor. 15. 54, 55, 21, 22.
 Joh. 17. 23, 24. & 14. 3. Eph. 4. 9, 10, &c. Rom. 8. 17, 18. 2 Tim. 2. 12. Col. 1. Eph. 1. Joh. 1. 16.
 A.R. 9. 4. Mat. 25. 34. and forward.

The Bride with these carasses entertain'd
 In naked beauty doth before him stand,
 And knows no shame purg'd from all foul desire
 Whose secret guilt kindles the blushing fire.
 Her glorious Lord is naked too, no more
 Conceal'd in types and shadows as before.
 So our first parents innocently did
 Behold that nakedness which since is hid,
 That lust may not catch fire from beauties flame
 Engendring thoughts which die the cheeks with shame,

Thus heaven and earth their full perfection had,
 Thus all their hosts and ornaments were made,
 Armies of Angels had the highest place,
 Bright starry hosts the lower heaven did grace,
 The Mutes encamped in the waters were,
 The winged troops were quartered in the air,
 The walking animals, as th' Infantry
 Of th' Universal Host, at large did lie
 Spread over all the earths most ample face,
 Each regiment in its assigned place.
 Paradise the head quarter was, and there
 The Emperour to his Viceroy did appear,
 Him in his regal Office did install,
 A general muster of his hosts did call,
 Resigning up into his sole command
 The numerous Tribes, that fill doth sea and land.
 As each kind severally had before
 Blessing and approbation, so once more,
 When all together God his works review'd,
 The blessing was confirmed and renew'd.
 And with the sixth day the Creation ceas'd.

The seventh day the Lord himself did rest,
 And made it a perpetual Ordinance then
 To be observ'd by every age of men,

Heb. 4. 13.
 & 10. 19.
 20.

1 Pet. 1. 2.
 Heb. 13.

12.
 1 Pet. 1. 10,
 11, 12.

Eph. 3. 9,
 10.

Heb. 8. 5.
 2 Pet. 2. 14.

Mat. 5. 28.

Gen. 2. 1.

ver. 167

ver. 19.

Gen. 1. 31.

Gen. 2. 2,

3.
 Ex. 20. 8.

That after six days honest labour they
 His precept and example should obey,
 As he did his, their works surcease, and spend
 That day in sacred rest, till that day end,
 And in its number back again return,
 Still consecrated, till it have outworn
 All other time, and that alone remain,
 When neither toyl, nor burthen, shall again
 The weary lives of mortal men infest,
 Nor intermit their holy, happy rest.

Nor is this Rest sacred to idleness,
 God, a perpetual Act, sloth cannot bless.
 He ceast not from his own celestial joy,
 Which doth himself perpetually employ
 In contemplation of himself, and those
 Most excellent works, wherein himself he shows;
 He only ceast from making lower things,
 By which, as steps, the mounting soul he brings
 To th' upmost height, and having finish't these

Himself did in his own productions please,
 Full satisfied in their perfection,
 Rested from what he had compleatly done;
 And made his pattern our instruction,
 That we, as far as finite creatures may
 Trace him that's infinite, should in our way
 Rest as our Father did, work as he wrought,

Nor cease till we have to perfection brought

Whatever to his glory we intend,

Still making ours, the same which was his end:

As his works in commands begin, and have

Conclusion in the blessings which he gave,

So must his Word give being to all ours;

And since th' events are not in our own powers,

We must his blessing beg, his great name bless,
 And make our thanks the crown of our success.
 As God first heaven did for man prepare,
 Men last for heaven created were,
 So should we all our actions regulate,
 Which heaven, both first and last, should terminate,
 And in whatever circle else they run,
 There should they end, there should they be begun,
 There seek their pattern, and derive from thence
 Their whole direction and their influence.
 As when th' Almighty this low world did frame,
 Life by degrees to its perfection came,
 In Vegetation first sprung up, to sense
 Ascended next, and climb'd to reason thence,
 So we, pursuing our attainments, should
 Press forward from what's positively good,
 Still climbing higher, until we reach the best,
 And that acquir'd for ever fix our rest.
 Our souls so ravish'd with the joys divine
 That they no more to creatures can decline:
 As Gods Rest was but a more high retreat
 From the delights of this inferiour seat,
 So must our souls upon our Sabbaths climb,
 Above the world, sequestred for that time,
 From those legitimate delights, which may
 Rejoyce us here upon a common day.
 As God, his works compleated, did retire
 To be ador'd by the Angelick Quire,
 So when on us the seventh days light doth shine,
 Should we our selves to Gods assemblies joyn,
 Thither all hearts, as one pure offering, bring
 And all with one accord adore our King.
 This seventh day the Lord to mankind gave,
 Nor is it the least privilege we have.

Mat. 6. 33.

Col. 3. 1.

Heb. 5. 12,

13, 14.

Ec. 58. 13.

Job 1. 6.

Heb. 10.

25.

Mat. 2. 27.

And

EZ. 20. 12. And ours peculiarly: The Orbs above
 As well the seventh as the sixth day move,
 The rain descends and the fierce tempest blows,
 On it the restless Ocean ebbs and flows:
 Bees that day fill the hive, and on that day
 Ants their provisions in their store-house lay,
 All creatures plie their works, no beast
 But those which mankind use, share in that rest:
 Which God indulg'd only to humane race,
 That they in it might come before his face
 To celebrate his worship and his praise,
 And gain a blessing upon all their days.
 O wretched souls of perverse men, who slight
 So great a grace, refuse such rich delight,
 Which the inferiour creatures cannot share,
 To which alone their natures fitted are,
 Heb. 4. 9. And whereby favour'd men admitted be
 & 12. 22. Into the angels blest society:
 Yet is this Rest but a far distant view
 Of that celestial life which we pursue,
 By Satan oft so interrupted here,
 That little of its glory doth appear,
 Nor can our souls sick, languid appetite
 Feast upon such substantial, strong delight.
 As musick pains the griev'd aching head,
 With which the healthful sense is sweetly fed;
 Am. 8. 4. So duties wherein sound hearts full joys find,
 Fetters and sad loads are to a sick mind,
 Till it thereto by force it self mure,
 And from a loathing fall to love its cure.
 God for his worship kept one day of seven,
 The other six to man for mans use given;
 Adam, although so highly dignified,
 Was not to spend in idle ease and pride

And

Nor supine sleep, drunk with his sensual pleasures,
 Profusely wasting th' Empires sacred treasures,
 As now his fallen sons do, that arrogate
 His forfeited dominion, and high state;
 But God his daily Business did ordain
 That Kings, hence taught, might in their Realms maintain
 Fair order, serving those whom they command,
 As guardians, not as owners of the land,
 Not being set there, to pluck up and destroy
 Those plants, whose culture should their cares employ.
 Nor doth this precept only Kings comprize,
 The meanest must his little paradise
 With no less vigilance and care attend
 Than Princes on their vast enclosures spend.
 All hence must learn their duty, to suppress
 Th' intrusions of a sordid idleness.
 Who form'd, could have preserv'd the garden fair,
 Without th' employment of mans busie care,
 But that he will'd that our delight should be
 The wages of our constant industrie,
 That we his ever bounteous hand might bless
 Crowning our honest labours with success,
 And tast the joy men reap in their own fruit,
 Loving that more to which they contribute
 Either the labour of their hands or brains,
 Than better things produc'd by others pains.
 Led by desire, fed with fair hope, the fruit
 Oft-times delights not more than the pursuit.
 For man a nature hath to action prone,
 That languishes, and sickens finding none.
 As standing pools corrupt, water that flows,
 More pure, by its continual current, grows,
 So humane kind by active exercise,
 Do to the heights of their perfection rise,

Rom. 13.

3.4.

1 Thes. 4.

11.

1 Tim. 5 8.

Pro. 19. 15.

Or 10. 26.

While

While their stock'd glory comes to no ripe growth,
 Whose lives corrupt in idleness and sloth
 Which is not natural, but a disease,
 That doth upon the flesh-cloy'd spirit seize.
 Where health untainted is, then the sound mind
 In its employment doth its pleasure find.
 But when death, or its representer sleep
 Upon the mortals tired members creep,
 This during its dull reign doth life suspend,
 That ceasing action, puts it to an end.
 Lastly since God himself did man employ
 To dress up Paradise, that moderate joy
 Which from this fair creation we derive,
 Is not our sin but our prerogative,
 If bounded so, as we fix not our rest
 In creatures which but transient are at best,
 Yet 'tis sin to neglect, not use, or prize,
 As well as 'tis to waite and idolize.

1 Tim. 4.

4. 5.

1 Joh. 2. 17.

1 Cor. 7.

31. 20.

Canto.

Canto IV.

Good were all natures as God made them all,
 Good was his Will, permitting some to fall,
 That th' rest renouncing their frail strength might stand
 Humble and firm in his supporting hand,
 His wisdom and omnipotence might own,
 When his Foes power and craft is overthrown,
 Seeing his hate of sin, might thence confess
 His pure innate and perfect Holiness,
 And that the glory of his Justice might
 In the Rebels torturing flames seem bright.
 That th' ever blest'd Redeemer might take place
 To illustrate his rich mercy and free grace
 Whereby he fallen sinners doth restore
 To fuller bliss than they enjoy'd before;
 That Vertue might in us clear brightness shine
 Which like rich ore concealed in the mine
 Had not been known, but that opposing vice
 Illustrates it by frequent exercise.

Rom. 8. 35, 36, 37, 38, 39.

Rom. 5. 5, &c.

1 Pet. 4. 12, 13, 14.

Gen. 1. 31.

Rom. 9.

21, 22, 23.

Rom. 11.

Rom. 3. 61

Gen. 18. A

256

Rom. 11. 11

33. 1

1 Cor. 10. 1

12. 1

Rom. 16.

20.

Psal. 2.

Jof. 24. 19.

Psal. 5. 4.

5. 6.

Eph. 7. 11.

Eph. 7.

Eph. 11. 5, 6.

1 Pet. 1.

10.

Eph. 1. 4.

11.

Joh. 3. 16.

Eph. 2. 5.

If all were good, whence then arose the ill ?

'T was not in Gods, but in the creatures will,
Averting from that good, which is supream,
Corrupted so, as a declining stream

Ecc1. 7. 29.

Jude 6.

Joh. 8. 44.

That breaks off its communion with its head,
By whom its life and sweetness late were fed,
Turns to a noisome, dead, and poysonous Lake,
Infecting all who the foul waters take:
Or as a Branch cut from the living Tree,
Passes into contempt immediately,
And dies divided from its glorious stock ;
So strength disjoyned from the living rock,
Turns to contemned imbecillity,
Jer. 2 13. And doth to all its grace and glory die.

Devils.

Some new-made Angels thus, not more sublime

Eph. 2. 2.

Act. 26.

18.

Mat. 25.

41.

Rev. 20.

10.

In nature, than transcending in their crime,
Quitting th' eternal fountain of their light,
Became the first-born sons of woe and night,
Princes of Darknes, and the sad Abyffe,
Which now their cursed place and portion is,
Where they no more must see Gods glorious face
Nor ever taste of his refreshing grace,
But in the fire of his fierce anger dwell,
Which though it burns, enlightens not their Hell.
But circumstances that we cannot know
Of their rebellion and their overthrow
We will not dare t^e invent, nor will we take
Guessees from the reports themselves did make
To their old Priests, to whom they did devise
To inspire some truths, wrapt up in many lies ;
Such as their gross poetick fables are,
Saturn's extrusion, the bold giants war,
Division of the universal realm,
To Gods that in high heaven steer the helm,

Others

Others who all things in the Ocean guide,
 And those who in th' infernal Court preside,
 Who there a vast and gloomy Empire sway,
 Whom all the Furies and the Ghosts obey.
 But not to name these foolish impious tales,
 Which stifle truth in her pretended veils,
 Let us in its own blazing conduct go,
 And look no further than that light doth show ;
 Wherein we see the present powers of hell,
 Before they under Gods displeasure fell,
 Were once endued with grace and excellence,
 Beyond the comprehension of our sense,
 Pure holy lights in the bright heaven were
 Blazing about the throne, but not fixt there ;
 Where, by the Apostasie of their own will,
 Precipitating them into all ill,
 And Gods just wrath, whose eyes are far too pure
 Stain'd and polluted objects to endure,
 They fell like lightning, hurl'd in his fierce ire,
 And falling, set the lower world on fire :
 Which their loose prison is where they remain,
 And walk as criminals under Gods chain ;
 Until the last and great assizes come,
 When Execution shall seal up their doom.
 Thus are they now to their created light,
 Unto all Truth, and Goodness opposite,
 Hating the Peace and Joy that reigns above,
 Vainly contending to extinguish love,
 Ruine Gods sacred Empire, and destroy
 That blessedness they never can enjoy.
 A Chief they have, whose Sovereign power and place
 But adds to his sin, his torture, and disgrace.
 An order too there is in their dire state,
 Though they all Orders else disturb and hate.

Lu. 10. 18.

Jude 6.

2 Pet. 2. 4.

Hab. 1. 13.

Lu. 10. 18.

Jam. 3. 6.

Joh. 8. 44.

Jud. 6.

1 Cor. 6. 3.

Mat. 8. 29.

Gen. 3. 15.

1 Pet. 5. 8.

Job 1. 7.

Rev. 12.

10.

Mark 3. 22.

24, 25, 26.

Rev. 20.

10.

Luk. 8. 30. Ten thousand thousand wicked spirits stand,
 Attending their black Prince, at his command,
 To all imaginable evils prest,
 That may promote their common interest.
 Nor are they linked thus by faith and love,
 But hate of God and goodness, which doth move
 The same endeavours and desires in all,
 Lest civil wars should make their Empire fall.
 Mat. 12. 25, 26. An Empire which the Almighty doth permit,
 Rev. 20. 2, 7, 8. Yet so as he controlls and limits it.
 Suffering their rage sometimes to take effect,
 Job 2. 6. Only to be the more severely checkt;
 Col. 2. 14, 15. When he produces a contrary end,
 Heb. 2. 9, 14. From what they did maliciously intend,
 Luk. 22. 3. Befools their wisdom, crosses their designs,
 2 Tim. 2. 25, 26. And blows them up in their own crafty mines,
 Eph. 6. 11, 12, &c. Allows them play in the entangling net,
 1 Pet. 5. 8. So to be faster in damnation set,
 Who did Gods softer sacred bonds despise,
 Lets them still fight, who never can prevail,
 Rev. 12. 12. More curs'd if they succeed, than if they fail,
 Since every soul the Rebels gain from God,
 Adds but another Scorpion to that rod,
 Lu. 16. 24. Bound up, that they may mutual torturers be,
 Rev. 14. 10, 11. Tormented and tormenting equally.
 Mar. 25. 41. As a wise General that doth design
 To keep his Army still in discipline,
 Suffers the embodying of some slighter foes,
 Which he at his own pleasure can enclose,
 And vanquish, that he justly may chastise
 Their folly, and his own troops exercise,
 Their vigilance, their faith and valour prove;
 Endearing them thereby to his own love,

As he alike endears himself to theirs,
 By his continual succours and kind cares :
 So the Almighty gives the Devils scope,
 Who though they are excluded from all hope
 Of e're escaping, no reluctance have,
 But like the desperate villain they make brave,
 To death pursue their bold attempts, that all
 O're whom they cannot reign, with them may fall.
 And tho' Gods watchful guards besiege them round
 That none can pass their strict prescribed bound,
 Yet make they daily sallies in their pride,
 Which still repulse the holy host deride.
 Their malice in it self and its event,
 Being equally a crime and punishment.
 Thus though sin in it self be ill, 'tis good
 That sin should be, for thereby rectitude
 Thorough oppos'd iniquity, as light
 By shades, is more conspicuous and more bright.

The wonderful creation of mankind,
 For lasting glory and rich grace design'd,
 The blessed angels look'd on with delight,
 Gladdened to see us climb so near their height ;
 Above all other works, next in degree,
 And capable of their societie.
 But 'twas far otherwife with those that fell
 Mans destin'd heaven, encreas'd their hell,
 While they burnt with a proud malicious spite,
 To see a new-made, earth-born favourite,
 For their high seats and empty thrones design'd,
 Therefore both against God and man combin'd,
 To hinder Gods decree from taking place,
 And to devest man of his Makers grace ;
 Which while he in a pure obedience stood,
 They knew, not all their force nor cunning cou'd,

But

Luk. 22.
 31, 32.
 Joh. 17.
 20.
 Mat. 4.
 Heb. 2. 18.
 & 4. 15.
 & 7. 25.
 Rom. 16.
 20.

Rev. 12.
 7, 8.
 Mat. 4. 11.
 Jude 9.

Lu. 15. 10.
 & 16. 22.
 Heb. 12.
 22.

Joh. 8. 44.

1 Pet. 3. 13.

But if they cou'd with any false pretence
 Inveigle him to quit his innocence,
 They hop'd death would prevent the dreaded womb
 From whence their happier successors must come.

Wherefore th' accursed Sovereign of hell
 Thinking no other Devil could so well

Gen. 3. 1,
 &c.

Act this ill part, whose consequence was high
 Enough to engage his hateful majesty,
 Himself exposes for the common cause,
 And with his hellish kingdoms full applause,
 Goes forth, putting himself into disguise,
 And so within a bright scal'd serpent lies,
 Folded about the fair forbidden tree,
 Watching a wish'd for opportunitie,
 Which *Eve* soon gave him, coming there alone
 So to be first and easier overthrown ;

2Tim. 3. 6.

On whose weak side, th' assault had not been made
 Had she not from her firm protection stray'd ;
 But so the Devil then, so leud men now
 Prevail, when women privacies allow,
 And to those flatt'ring whispers lend an ear
 Which even impudence it self would fear
 To utter in the presence of a friend ,
 Whose vertuous awe our frailty might defend.
 Though unexperience might excuse *Eves* fault,
 Yet those who now give way to an assault,
 By suffering it alone, none can exempt
 From the just blame that they their tempters tempt,
 And by vain confidence themselves betray,
 Fondly secure in a known desperate way.
 As *Eve* stood near the tree, the subtle beast,
 By *Satan* mov'd, his speech to her address
 Hath God, said he, forbid that you should tast
 These pleasant fruits, which in your eyes are plac't,

Why

Why are the tempting boughs expos'd, if you
May not delight your palates with your view?

God, said the woman, gives us libertie
To eat without restraint of every tree
Which in the garden grows, but only one;
Refrain'd by such a prohibition,
We dare not touch it, for when e're we do
A certain death will our offence ensue.

Then did the wicked subtile beast replie,
Ah simple wretch, you shall not surely die,
God enviously to you this fruit denies,
He knows that eating it, will make you wise,
Of good and ill give you discerning sense,
And raise you to a god-like excellence.

Eve quickly caught in the foul hunters net,
Believ'd that death was only a vain threat,
Her unbelief quenching religious dread
Infectious counsel in her bosome bred,
Dissatisfaction with her present state
And fond ambition of a godlike height.
Who now applies herself to its pursuit,
With longing eyes looks on the lovely fruit,
First nicely plucks, then eats with full delight,
And gratifies her murderous appetite;
Poyson'd with the sweet relish of her sin,
Before her inward torturing pangs begin,
The pleasure to her husband she commends,
And he by her persuation too offends,
As by the serpents she before had done.
Hence learn pernicious counsellors to shun.

Within the snake the crafty tempter simul'd
To see mankind so easily beguil'd,
But laugh not Satan, God shall thee deride,
The Son of God and Man shall scourge thy pride,

And

1 Joh. 3.8. And in the time of vengeance shall exact
 Joh. 16. A punishment on thee, for this accursed fact:
 11. Now wrought the poyson on the guilty pair,
 Who with confusion on each other stare,
 While death possession takes, and enters in
 Rom. 5. At the wide breach, laid open by their sin.
 12. Sound health and joy before th' intruder fled,
 Sickness and sorrow coming in their stead.
 Their late sweet calm did now for ever cease,
 Ecl. 48.22. Storms in all quarters drove away their peace;
 Dread, guilt, remorse in the benighted soul,
 Like raging billows on each other rowl;
 Deaths harbingers waste in each province make,
 While thundring terrors mans whole Island shake.
 Within, without, disorder'd in the storm,
 The colour fades, and tremblings change the form,
 Heat melts their substance, cold their joynts benumbs,
 Dull languishment their vigour overcomes.
 Grief conquer'd beauty lays down all her arms,
 Psa. 39. 11. And mightier woe dissolves her late strong charms,
 Shame doth their looks deject, no cheerful grace,
 No pleasant smiles, appear in their sad face,
 They see themselves fool'd, cheated, and betray'd,
 And naked in the view of heaven made;
 No glory compasses the drooping head,
 The sight of their own ugliness they dread,
 And curtains of broad thin Fig-leaves devise
 To hide themselves from their own weeping eyes;
 But, Ah, these coverings were too slight and thin
 To ward their shame off, or to keep out sin,
 Or the keen airs quick piercing shafts, which through
 Both leaves and pores into the bowels flew.
 While they remain'd in their pure innocence
 It was their robe of glory and defence:

But when sin tore that mantle off, they found
 Their members were all naked, all uncrown'd;
 Their purity in every place defil'd,
 Their vest of righteousness all torn and spoil'd.
 Wherefore, through guilt, the late lov'd light they shun,
 And into the obscurest shadow run;
 But in no darkness can their quiet find,
 Carrying within them a disturbed mind,
 Which doth their cureless folly represent,
 And makes them curse their late experiment;
 Wishing they had been pure and ignorant still,
 Nor coveted the knowledge of their ill.
 Ah thus it is that yet we learn our good,
 Till it be lost, but seldom understand
 Rich blessings, while we have them, little prize
 Until their want their value magnifies,
 And equally doth our remorse encrease
 For having cast away such happiness.

O wretched man! who at so dear a rate
 Purchas'd the knowledge of his own frail state,
 Knowledge of small advantage to the wise,
 Which only their affliction multiplies,
 While they in painful study vex their brain,
 Pursuing what they never can attain;
 And what would not avail them if acquir'd,
 Till at the length with fruitless labour tir'd,
 All that the learned and the wise can find
 Is but a vain disturbance of the mind,
 A sense of mans inevitable woes,
 Which he but little feels, who little knows;
 While mortals, holding on their error, still
 Pursue the knowledge both of good and ill,
 They neither of them perfectly attain,
 But in a dark tumultuous state remain;

PL 1 39. 11.

Eccl. 1. 18.

Prov. 1. 7.

Phil. 3. 12.

1 Cor. 1.

20, 21.

2. 14.

Jam. 3. 15, Till sense of ill, encreasing like nights shade,
 16, 17. Or hath a blot of good impressions made,
 Or good, victorious as the morning light,
 Triumph over the vanquish'd opposite.
 For both at once abide not in one place,
 Good knowledge flies from them who ill embrace.
 So were our parents fill'd with guilt and fear,
 When in the groves they Gods approaches hear;
 And from the terrour of his presence fled:
 Whether their own convictions caus'd their dread,
 For inward guilt of conscience might suffice
 To chace vile sinners from his purer eyes;
 Or nature felt an angry Gods descent,
 Which shook the earth, and tore the firmament,
 We are not told, nor will too far enquire.
 Lightnings and tempests might speak forth his ire.
 For at the day of universal doom
 The great Judge shall in flaming vengeance come;
 An all-consuming fire shall go before,
 Pl. 97. 3. 4. Whirlwinds and thunder shall about him roar,
 Ec. 9. 5. & 66. 15, Horror shall darken the whole troubled skies,
 16. And bloody veils shall hide the worlds bright eyes,
 1 Thes. 1. 8. While stars from the dissolving heaven drop down,
 2 Pet. 3. 12. And funeral blazes every Turret crown.
 Rev. 1. 7. The clouds shall be confounded with the waves,
 Joel 3. 15, The yawning earth shall open all her graves,
 16. Loud fragors shall firm rocks in sunder rend,
 Mat. 24. Cleft mountains shall helts fiery jaws distend,
 29. Vomiting cinders, sulphur, pitch, and flame,
 Which shall consume the worlds unjoynted frame,
 And turn the Paradises we admire
 Into an ever-boiling lake of fire.
 Rev. 19. 20. But God then, in his rich grace, did delay
 These dismal terrors, till the last great day.

Yet even his first approach created dread,
 And the poor mortals from his anger fled;
 Until a calmer voice their sense did greet.
 Love even when it chides is kind and sweet.
 The sense of wrath far from the fear'd Power drives;
 The sense of Love brings home the fugitives.
 Souls flying God into despair next fall,
 Thence into hate, till black hell close up all.
 But if sweet mercy meet them on the way,
 That milder voice, first doth their mad flight stay,
 And their ill-quitted hope again restore,
 Then love that was forsaking them before
 Returns with a more flaming strong desire
 Of those sweet joys from which it did retire,
 And in their absence woe and terror found,
 And all those plagues that can a poor soul wound,
 While thus this love with holy ardour burns,
 The bleeding sinner to his God returns,
 And prostrate at his throne of grace doth lie,
 If death he cannot shun, yet there to die.
 Where Mercy still doth fainting souls revive,
 And in its kind embraces keep alive
 A gentler fire, than what it lately felt
 Under the sense of wrath. The soul doth melt,
 Like precious Ore, which when men would refine
 Doth in its liquefaction brightly shine;
 In cleansing penitential meltings so
 Foul sinners once again illustrious grow,
 When Christs all-heating softening spirit, hath
 Their Furnance been, and his pure blood their Bath.
 Now though Gods wrath bring not the sinner home,
 Who only by sweet love attracted come,
 Yet is it necessary that the sense
 Of it, should make us know the excellence,

Heb. 12.

11.

Psal. 89. 1

31. 3. 13.

Gen. 4. 14.

Act. 9.

Psal. 130.

7. 4.

Lam. 3. 1,

6.

Mat. 27. 1

46.

Job 13. 15.

Hos. 6. 1,

2. 3.

Mal. 3. 2, 3.

Rev. 1. 5.

Rom 12. 1.

Joh. 16. 9,

10.

Mat. 11.
28.

And taste the pleasantness of pardoning grace,
That we may it with fuller joy embrace;

Luk. 8. 47.

Which when it brings a frightened wretch from hell

1 Joh. 4.

Makes it love more, than those who never fell:

10.

But mankind's love to God grows by degrees,

As he more clearly Gods sweet mercy sees,

And God at first reveals not all his grace,

That men more ardently may seek his face,

Averted by their folly and their pride,

Which makes them their confounded faces hide,

As still the Sun's the same behind the clouds,

Lam. 3. 22,

Such is Gods love, which his kind anger shrouds,

23.

Which doth not all at once it self reveal,

But first in the thick shadows that conceal

Its glory, doth attenuation cause;

Then the black, dismal curtain softly draws,

And lets some glimmering light of hope appear,

Lam. 3. 26,

Which rather is a lessening of our fear,

29, &c.

Than an assurance of our joy and peace,

Hos. 2. 15.

A truce with misery, rather than release.

Thus had not God come in, mankind had died

Without repair, yet came he first to chide,

To urge their sin, with its sad consequence,

And make them feel the weight of their offence,

To' examine and arraign them at his bar,

And shew them what vile criminals they were:

But ah! our utterance here is choak'd with woe,

With tardy steps from Paradise we go,

Then let us pause on our lost joys a while

Before we enter on our sad exile.

Canto V.

SAd Natures sighs gave the Alarms,
 And all her frighted hosts stood to their arms,
 Waiting whom the great Sovereign would employ
 His all deserted rebels to destroy:
 When God descended out of heaven above
 His disobedient Viceroy to remove.
 Yet though himself had seen the forfeiture,
 Which distance could not from his eyes obscure,
 To teach his future Substitutes how they
 Should judgements execute in a right way,
 He would not unexamined facts condemn,
 Nor punish sinners without hearing them.
 Therefore cites to his bar the Criminals,
 And *Adam* first out of his covert calls,
 Where art thou *Adam*? the Almighty said,
 Here Lord, the trembling sinner answer made,
 Amongst the trees I in the garden heard
 Thy voice, and being naked was afraid,
 Nor durst I so thy purer sight abide,
 Therefore my self did in this shelter hide.
 Hast thou (said God) eat the forbidden tree,
 Or who declar'd thy nakedness to thee?

She,

Gen. 3. 8.

2 Sam. 23.

3.

Gen. 3. 9;
10, 11, 12.

She, answer'd *Adam*, whom thou didst create
To be my helper and associate,

Gave me the fatal fruit, and I did eat ;

ver. 13.

Then *Eve* was also call'd from her retreat,
Woman what hast thou done ? th' Almighty said ;
Lord, answer'd she, the serpent me betray'd,
And I did eat. Thus did they both confess

Their guilt, and vainly sought to make it less,

By such extenuations, as well weigh'd,

The sin, so circumstanc'd, more sinful made :

A course which still half softned sinners use,

Transferring blame their own faults to excuse,

They care not how, nor where, and oftentimes

Rom. 9.

19.

On God himself obliquely charge their crimes,
Expostulating in their discontent,

Ez. 18. 2.

As if he caus'd what he did not prevent ;

Jam. 1. 13,

Which *Adam* wickedly implies, when he

44. 15.

Cries, 'Twas the woman *That thou gavest me* ;

Oft-times make that the devils guilt alone,

Which was as well and equally their own.

His lies could never have prevail'd on *Eve*

But that she wisht them truth, and did believe

A forgery that suited her desire,

Whose haughty heart was prone enough to' aspire.

The tempting and the urging was his ill,

But the compliance was in her own will.

And herein truly lies the difference

Of natural and gracious penitence,

The first transferreth and extenuates

Psal. 51. 3.

The guilt, which the other owns and aggravates.

4. 5.

32. 5.

Whi'e sin is but regarded slight and small,

It makes the value of rich mercy fall,

1 Joh. 1. 8,

9. 10.

But as our crimes seem greater in our eyes,

So doth our grateful sense of pardon rise.

Poor mankind at Gods righteous bar was cast
 And set for judgement by, when at the last
 Satan within the serpent had his doom,
 Whose execrable malice left no room
 For plea or pardon, but was sentenc'd first ;
 Thou (said the Lord) above all beasts accurst,
 Shalt on thy belly creep, on dust shalt feed,
 Between thee and the woman, and her seed
 And thine, I will put lasting enmity ;
 Thou in this war his heel shalt bruise, but He
 Thy head shall break. More various Myſtery
 Ne're did within ſo ſhort a ſentence lie.
 Here is irrevocable vengeance, here
 Love as immutable. Here doth appear
 Infinite Wiſdome plotting with free grace,
 Even by Mans Fall, th' advance of humane race.
 Severity here utterly confounds,
 Here Mercy cures by kind and gentle wounds,
 The Father here, the Goſpel firſt reveals,
 Here fleſhly veils th' eternal ſon conceals.
 The law of life and ſpirit here takes place,
 Given with the promiſe of aſſiſting grace :
 Here is an Oracle fore-telling all,
 Which ſhall the two oppoſed ſeeds befall
 The great war hath its firſt beginning here,
 Carried along more than five thouſand year,
 With various ſucceſs on either ſide,
 And each age with new combatants ſuppli'd :
 Two Sovereign Champions here we find,
 Satan and Chriſt contending for mankind.
 Two Empires here, two oppoſite Cities riſe,
 Dividing all in two Societies.
 The little Church and the worlds larger State
 Purſuing it with ceafeleſs ſpire and hate.

1 Pet. 5. 8.

Mat. 13.

25.

Jude 6.

Mal. 3. 6.

Zac. 6. 13.

1 Cor. 2. 9.

Rom. 11.

22.

Eſa. 7. 14.

Rom. 8. 2,

3, 4.

Aſt. 13. 10.

Mat. 3. 7.

Pſal. 22. 30.

Jer. 31. 22.

Eph. 6. 12.

Joh. 8. 44.

Jude 9.

Gen. 6. 2,

4, 5.

Heb. 2. 10.

Aſt. 5. 31.

Eph. 2. 2.

Joh. 15. 18,

19.

Lu. 12. 32.

Pl. 105. 12,

13, 14, 15.

Each

Each party here erecting their own walls,
As one advances, so the other falls.

Esa. 9. 6, 7. Hope in the Promise the weak Church confirms,
Hell and the world fight upon desperate terms,
Rev. 12. By this most certain Oracle they know,
12. Their war must end in final overthrow.
Joh. 16. Some little present mischief they may do,
30. And this with eager malice they pursue.
Joh. 16. The Angels whom Gods justice did divide,
20. Engage their mighty powers on either side,
Mat. 10. Engage their mighty powers on either side,
24. Hells gloomy Princes the worlds rulers made,
Psal. 2. 1. Heavens unseen host the Churches guard and aid.
Rev. 12. Till the frail womans conquering son shall tread
7. 9. Beneath his feet the serpents broken head ;
Dan. 10. Though God the speech to mans false foe address,
13. 21. The words rich grace to fallen man express,
Psa. 104. 4. Which God will not to him himself declare,
Rom. 16. Till he implore it by submissive prayer ;
20. Sufficient 'tis to know a latitude
Psa. 50. 15. For hope, which doth no penitent exclude.
Ez. 41. 9. Had deaths sad sentence past on man, before
Psa. 130. 4. The promise of that seed which should restore
Luk. 1. 74. His fallen state, destroying death and sin,
Gal. 3. 8, 16. Cureless as Satans had his misery been.
1 Cor. 15. But though free grace did future help provide,
64. 57. Yet must he present loss and woe abide ;
1 Cor. 3. And feel the bitter curse, that he may so
15. The sweet release of saving mercy know.
Gal. 3. 13. Prepar'd with late indulged hope, on Eve
Gen. 3. 16. Th' almighty next did gender sentence give.
Thou shalt bring forth, yet shall they be to thee
I will, said he, greatly augment thy woes,
And thy conceptions, which with painful throes
Thou shalt bring forth, yet shall they be to thee
But a successive crop of misery.

Thy

Thy husband shall thy ruler be, whose sway
 Thou shalt with passionate desires obey.
 Alas! how sadly to this day we find
 Th' effect of this dire curse on womankind;
 Eve fin'd in fruit forbid, and God requires
 Her penance in the fruit of her desires.
 When first to men their inclinations move,
 How are they tortur'd with distracting love!
 What disappointments find they in the end;
 Constant uneasinesses which attend
 The best condition of the wedded state,
 Giving all wives sense of the curses weighty,
 Which makes them ease and liberty refuse.
 And with strong passion their own shackles chuse:
 Now though they ealier under wife rule prove,
 And every burthen is made light by love,
 Yet golden fetters, soft lin'd yokes still be,
 Though gentler curbs, but curbs of liberty,
 As well as the harsh tyrants iron yoke,
 More sorely galling them whom they provoke,
 To loath their bondage, and despise the rule
 Of an unmanly, fickle, froward fool.
 What're the husbands be, they cover fruit,
 And their own wishes to their sorrows contribute.
 How painfully the fruit within them grows,
 What tortures do their ripened births disclose,
 How great, how various, how uneasie are
 The breeding sicknesses, pangs that prepare
 The violent openings of lifes narrow door,
 Whose fatal issues we as oft deplore!
 What weaknesses, what languishments ensue,
 Scattering dead Lillies where fresh Roses grew.
 What broken rest afflicts the careful nurse,
 Extending to the breasts the mothers curse;

Gen. 39. 7.

1 Cor. 7.
34. 39. 40.
1 Pet. 3. 5.Gen. 29. M
20.1 Sam. 25.
25.Gen. 30. 1.
35. 1. 10.
Mat. 24.
19.

Joh. 16. 21.

Which ceases not when there her milk she dries,
The froward child draws new streams from her eyes.

How much more bitter anguish do we find

Labouring to raise up virtue in the mind,

Then when the members in our bowels grew,

Prov. 10. 1. What sad abortions, what cross births ensue

What monsters, what unnatural vipers come

Prov. 15. 20. Eating their passage through their parents womb;

How are the tortures of their births renew'd,

Unrecompenc'd with love and gratitude:

Even the good, who would our cares requite,

Would be our crowns, joys, pillars, and delight,

Affect us yet with other griefs and fears,

Opening the sluices of our ne're dried tears.

Luk. 2. 48, Death, danger, sickness, losses, all the ill

35. That on the children falls, the mothers feel,

Mat. 2. 18. Repeating with worse pangs, the pangs that bore

Them into life, and though some may have more

Offsweet and gentle mixture, some of worse,

Yet every mothers cup tastes of the curse.

And when the heavy load her faint heart tires,

Gen. 27. Makes her too oft repent her fond desires,

46. Now last of all, as Adam last had been

Drawn into the prevaricating sin,

Gen. 3. 17. His sentence came: Because that thou didst yield,

(Said God) to thy enticing wife, The field

Producing briars and fruitless thorns to thee,

Accursed for thy sake and sins shall be.

Thy careful brows in constant toyls shall sweat,

Thus thou thy bread shalt all thy whole life eat,

Till thou return into the earths vast womb,

Whence, taken first, thou didst a man become;

For dust thou art, and dust again shalt be

Pl. 103. 14. Gen. 1. 29. When lifes declining spark goes out in thee.

In all these Sentences we strangely find
 Gods admirable love to lost mankind;
 Who though he never will his word recal,
 Or let his threats like shafts at randome fall,
 Yet can his Wildome order curses so
 That blessings may out of their bowels flow.
 Thus death the door of lasting life became,
 Dissolving nature, to rebuild her frame,
 On such a sure foundation, as shall break
 All the attempts Hells cursed Empire make.
 Thus God reveng'd mans quarrel on his foe,
 To whom th' Almighty would no mercy show,
 Making his reign, his respire, and success,
 All augmentations of his cursedness.
 Thus gave he us a powerful Chief and Head,
 By whom we shall be out of bondage led.
 And made the penalties of our offence,
 Precepts and rules of new obedience,
 Fitted in all things to our fallen State,
 Under sweet promises, that ease their weight.
 Our first injunction is to hate and flie
 The flatteries of our first grand enemy;
 To have no friendship with his cursed race,
 The int'rest of the opposite seed t' embrace,
 Where though we toyl in fights, tho' bruised we be,
 Yet shall our combate end in victory:
 Eternal glory, healing our slight wound,
 When all our labours are with triumph crown'd.
 The next command is, mothers should maintain
 Posterity, not frighted with the pain,
 Which tho' it make us mourn under the sense
 Of the first mothers disobedience,
 Yet hath a promise that thereby she shall
 Recover all the hurt of her first fall,

Ef. 9. 6. When, in myſterious manner, from her womb
 Heb. 2. 12. Her father, brother, husband, ſon ſhall come.
 13. Subjection to the husband's rule enjoy'd,
 Eph. 5. 25, In the next place, that yoke with love is lin'd,
 &c. Love too a precept made, where God requires
 Luk. 1. 35. We ſhould perform our duties with deſires;
 1 Pet. 3. 1, 2. And promiſes t' encline our averſe will,
 Whoſe ſatisfaction takes away the ill;
 Of every toyl, and every ſuffering
 That can from unenforc'd ſubmiſſion ſpring;
 The laſt command, God with man's curſe did give,
 Was that men ſhould in honeſt callings live,
 Eating their own bread, fruit of their own ſweat;
 Nor feed like drones on that which others get:
 1 Theſ. 4. And this command a promiſe doth impie,
 11, 12. That bread ſhould recompence our induſtry.
 2 Theſ. 3. 12. One mercy more his ſentence did include,
 Rev. 14. That mortal toyls, faintings and laſſitude,
 13. Should not beyond death's fixed bound extend,
 But there in everlaſting quiet end;
 Mat. 10. 28. When men out of the troubled air depart,
 Job 3. 17, 18, 19. And to their fiſt material duſt revert,
 Eccl. 3. 20. The utmoſt power that death or woe can have
 Is but to ſhut us priſ'ners in the grave,
 Bruiſing the fleſh, that heel whereon we tread,
 1 Theſ. 4. But we ſhall trample on the ſerpents head.
 14. Our ſcatter'd atoms ſhall again condense,
 El. 26. 19. And be again inspir'd with living ſenſe;
 Captivity ſhall then a captive be,
 Job 19. 26. Death ſhall be ſwallow'd up in victory,
 27. And God ſhall man to Paradife reſtore,
 1 Cor. 15. 20, 21, 22. Where the ſoul tempter ſhall ſeduce no more
 26, 54, 55. How far our parents, whoſe ſad eyes were fixt
 57. On woe and terror, ſaw the mercy mixt,
 Act. 2. 24. Pſa. 68. 18.

We can but make a wild uncertain guess,
 As we are now affected in distress,
 Who less regard the mitigation still
 Than the slight smart of our afflicting ill ;
 And while we groan under the hated yoke,
 Our gratitude for its soft lining choak.

But God having th' amazed sinners doom'd,
 Put off the Judges frown and reassum'd
 A tender fathers kind and melting face
 Opening his gracious arms for new embrace,
 Taught them to expiate their heinous guilt
 By spotless sacrifice and pure blood spilt,
 Which done in faith did their faint hearts sustain,
 Till the intended lamb of God was slain,
 Whose death, whose merit, and whose innocence,
 The forfeit paid and blotted out th' offence.
 The skins of the slain beasts, God vestures made,
 Wherein the naked sinners were array'd,
 Not without mystery, which typifi'd
 That righteousness that doth our foul shame hide:
 As when a rotting patient must endure
 Painful excisions to effect his cure,
 His spirits we with cordials fortifie,
 Left, unsupported, he should faint and die :
 So with our parents the Almighty dealt,
 Before their necessary woes they felt,
 Their feeble souls rich promises upheld,
 And their deliverance was in types reveal'd ;
 Even their bodies God himself did arm
 With clothes that kept them from the weathers harm ;
 But after all, they must be driven away,
 Nor in their forfeit Paradise must stay.

Then, said the Lord, with holy ironie,
 Whence man the folly of his pride might see,

Esa. 43. 2,
 &c.

1 Pet. 4. 12,
 13.

Jer. 30. 11,
 &c.

Mic. 7. 18,
 19.

Esa. 49. 15.

Jer. 31. 20.

Psal. 50. 5.

1 Pet. 1. 19.

Heb. 11. 4,

Dan. 9. 26,

27.

Joh. 1. 29.

Pf. 40. 6, 7.

1 Joh. 2. 2.

Rev. 1. 5.

&c. 9, 10.

Rom. 5. 10.

19.

Col. 2. 14.

Pf. 32. 1, 2.

Rev. 19. 8.

Rom. 3.

22.

& 13. 14.

Gal. 3. 27.

Zac. 3. 4, 5.

Deut. 33.

27.

Mat. 6. 30.

Psa. 89. 32,

33, 34.

Gen. 3. 22,

The

The earthy man like one of us is grown,
 To whom, as God, both good and ill is known;
 Now left he also eat of th' other tree
 Whose fruit gives life, and an Immortal be,
 Let us by just and timely banishment
 His further sinful arrogance prevent.
 Then did he them out of the garden chace,
 And set a Cherubim to guard the place ;
 Who wav'd a flaming Sword before the door,
 Through which the wretches must return no more :
 Heb. 1. 7, May we not liken to this Sword of flame
 12, 18, 19, The threatening law which from Mount *Sinai* came,
 20, 21. With such thick flashes of prodigious fire
 As made the mountains shake and men retire :
 Forbidding them all forward hope, that they
 Could enter into life that dreadful way.
 Whate're it was, whate're it signifies,
 It kept our parents out of Paradise,
 Who now returning to their place of birth
 1 Pet. 2. 11. Found themselves strangers in their native earth.
 Heb. 11. - Their fatal breach of Gods most strict command
 13. Had there dissolv'd all concord, the sweet band
 Psal. 39. 12. Of universal loveliness and peace.
 And now the calm in every part did cease ;
 Love, tho' immutable, its smiles did shrowd
 Rev. 3. 19. Under the dark veil of an angry cloud.
 And while he seem'd withdrawn, whose grace upheld
 Psal. 75. 3. The order of all things, confusion fill'd
 The Universe. The air became impure,
 And frequent dreadful conflicts did endure
 With every other angry element ;
 The whirling fires its tender body rent.
 From earth and seas gross vapours did arise,
 Turn'd to prodigious Meteors in the skies ;

The blustering winds let loose their furious rage,
 And in their battels did the floods engage.
 The Sun confounded was with natures shame,
 And the pale Moon shrunk in her sickly flame;
 The rude congressions of the angry Stars
 In Heaven; begun the universal wars,
 While their malicious influence from above,
 On earth did various perturbations move,
 Droughts, inundations, blastings, kill'd the plants;
 Worse influence wrought on th' inhabitants,
 Inspiring lust, rage, ravenous appetite,
 Which made the creatures in all regions fight.
 The little insects in great clouds did rise,
 And in Battalia's spread, obscur'd the skies;
 Armies of birds encountred in the air,
 With hideous cries deciding battles there;
 The birds of prey to gorge their appetite;
 Seiz'd harmless fowl in their unwary flight.
 When the dim evening had shut in the day,
 Troops of wild beasts, all marching out for prey,
 To the restless flocks would go, and there
 Oft-times by other troops assailed were,
 Who snatcht out of their jaws the new slain food,
 And made them purchase it again with blood.
 Thus sin the whole creation did divide
 Into th' oppressing and the suffering side;
 Those still employing craft and violence
 To' ensnare and murder simple innocence;
 True emblems were of Satans craft and power
 In daily ambuscado to devour.
 Nor only emblems were, but organs too,
 In and by whom he did his mischiefs do,
 While persecuting cruelty and rage
 Them in his cursed party did engage.

Psal. 107.
 25, 26, 27.

Jud. 5. 26.

Psal. 78. 45,
 46, 47, 48.

Psal. 104.
 20, 21, 22.

1 Pet. 5. 8.
 Rev. 12. 8;
 12.

Love,

Love, meekness, patience, gentleness, combin'd don't
 The tamer brood with those of their own kind.
 Wherefore God chose them for his sacrifice,
 When he the proud and mighty did despise,
 And his most certain Oracles declare,
 They mans restored peace at last shall share :
 But to our parents, then, sad was the change
 Which them from peace and safety did estrange,
 Brought universal woe and discord in,
 The never failing consequents of sin ;
 Nor only made all things without them jar,
 But in their breasts rais'd up a civil war,
 Reason and sense maintain'd continual fight,
 Urging th' aversion and the appetite,
 Which led two different troops of passions out,
 Confounding all, in their tumultuous rout.
 The less world with the great proportion held :
 As winds the caverns, sighs the bosomes fill'd ;
 So flowing tears did beauties fair fields drown,
 As inndations kept within no bound.
 Fear earth-quakes made, lust in the fancy whirl'd,
 Turn'd into flame, and bursting fir'd the world :
 Spite, hate, revenge, ambition, avarice
 Made innocence a prey to monstrous vice.
 The cold and hot diseases represent
 The perturbations of the element.
 Thus woe and danger had beset them round,
 Distrest without, within no comfort found.
 Even as a Monarchs Favourite in disgrace
 Suffers contempt both from the high and base,
 And the most abject most insult o're them,
 Whom the offended Sovereigns condemn ;
 So after man th' Almighty disobey'd,
 Each little fly durst his late King invade,

Aswell as the woods monsters, wolves and bears,
And all things else that exercise his fears.

Methinks I hear sad *Eve* in some dark Vale
Her woful state, with such sad plaints, bewail:

Ah! why doth death its latest stroke delay,
If we must leave the light, why do we stay
By slow degrees more painfully to die,
And languish in a long calamity?

Have we not lost by one false cheating sin
All peace without, all sweet repose within?

Is there a pleasure yet that life can show,
Doth not each moment multiplie our woe:

And while we live thus in perpetual dread,
Our hope and comfort long before us dead?

Why should we not our angry maker pray
At once to take our wretched lives away?

Hath not our sin all natures pure leagues rent
And arm'd against us every element?

Have not our subjects their allegiance broke,
Doth not each worm scorn our unworthy yoke?

Are we not half with griping hunger pin'd,
Before we bread amongst the brambles find?

All pale diseases in our members reign,
Anguish and grief no less our sick souls pain,

Wherever I my eyes, or thoughts convert,
Each object adds new tortures to my heart.

If I look up, I dread heavens threatening frown,
Thorns prick my eyes, when shame hath cast them down,

Dangers I see, looking on either hand,
Before me all in fighting posture stand.

If I cast back my sorrow-drowned eyes,
I see our ne're to be recover'd Paradise,

The flaming Sword which doth us thence exclude,
By sad remorse and ugly guilt pursued.

Job 3.

Rom 8.

Jonah 4-3.

If I on thee a private glance reflect,
 Confusion doth my shameful eyes defect,
 Seeing the man I love by me betray'd,
 By me, who for his mutual help was made:
 Who to preserve thy life ought to have died,
 And I have kill'd thee by my foolish pride:
 Defil'd thy glory, and pull'd down thy throne.
 O that I had but sin'd, and died alone!
 Then had my torture and my woe been less,
 I yet had flourish'd in thy happiness.

If these words *Adam's* melting soul did move,
 He might reply with kind rebuking love.

Cease, cease, O foolish woman, to dispute,

Psa. 115. 3. Gods soveraign will and Power are absolute.

Rom. 9. 20. If he will have us soon, or slow to die,

21. 22. 23. Frail worms must yield, but must not question why.

When his great hand appears, we must conclude

Psa. 119. 68. All that he doth is wise, and just, and good;

Rom. 3. 4. Though our poor, sin-benighted souls, are blind,

Psal. 51. 4. Nor can the mysteries of his wisdom find,

Gen. 18. Yet in our present case we must confess

25.

His justice and our own unrighteousness.

He warn'd us of this fatal consequence,

Rom. 6. That death must wait on disobedience;

ult.

Yet we despis'd his threat, and broke his law,

So did destruction on our own heads draw;

Now under his afflicting hand we lie,

Reaping the fruit of our inquiry.

Which, had not he prevented, when we fell,

Gen. 6. 3. At once had plung'd us in the lowest hell;

1 Pet. 3. 20. But by his mercy yet we have reprieve,

Joh. 11. And yet are shew'd how we in death may live,

25.

If we improve our short indulg'd space

To understand, prize, and accept his grace.

Did all of us at once like brutes expire,
 And cease to be, we might quick death desire:
 But since our chief and immaterial part,
 Not fram'd of dust, doth not to dust revert:
 Its death not an annihilation is,
 But to be cut off from its supream bliss:
 Whatever here to mortals can befall,
 Compar'd to future miseries is small,
 The saddest, sharpest, and the longest have
 Their final consummations in the grave,
 These have their intermissions and allays,
 Though black and gloomy ones, these nights have days,
 The worst calamities we here endure
 Admit a possibility of cure;
 Our miseries here are varied in their kind,
 And in that change the wretched some ease find.
 Sleep here our pained senses stupifies,
 And cheating dreams in our sick fancies rise,
 But in our future sufferings 'tis not so,
 There is no end, no intermitted woe,
 No more return from the accursed place,
 No hope, no possibility of grace,
 No sleepy intervals, no pleasant dreams,
 No mitigations of those sad extremes,
 No gentle mixtures, no soft changes there,
 Perpetual tortures, heightned with despair,
 Eternal horror, and eternal night,
 Eternal burnings, with no glance of light,
 Eternal pain. 'O 'tis a thought too great,
 Too terrible, for any to repeat.
 Who have not scap'd the dread. Let's not to shun
 Heavens scorching rays, into hells furnace run:
 But having slain our selves, let's flie to him
 Who only can our souls from death redeem,

Mat. 24.
 41, 46.
 Luk. 16.
 21, 22.

Mat. 19.
 28.

Pla. 133. 1.

Psal. 107.

Esa. 29. 8.
 8. mal

Luk. 16. 26.

Rom. 2. 8,

Jude 13.

Mat. 23.

Luk. 16. 24.

Mat. 8. 12.

Rev. 19.

Hos. 13. 9.

Rom. 3.

16.

To Pla. 103. 4

To undo what's done is not within our power,
 No more than to call back the last fled hour,
 To think we can our fallen state restore,
 Or without hope, our ruine to deplore,
 Are equal aggravating crimes ; the first

Eph. 2. 4. Repeats that sin for which we were accurst,

6. 7. 8. 9. While we with foolish arrogating pride,

10. More in our selves than in our God confide ;

Rom. 3. 27. The last is both ungrateful and unjust,

That doth his goodness, or his power distrust.

Which where'soe'er we look, without, within,

Above, beneath, in every place is seen,

Psal. 36. Doth Heaven frown ? Above the sullen shrouds

5. 6.

God sits, and sees through all the blackest clouds

Esa. 44.

22.

Sin casts about us, like the misty night,

Which hide his pleasing glances from our sight,

Lam. 3.

44. 31. 32. Nor only sees, but darts on us his beams

25.

Job 37. When lightnings flie, dire storm and thunder roars,

31. 12.

He guides the shafts, the serene calm restores.

13.

Esa. 40.

3. 2.

When shadows occupie days vacant room,
 He makes new glory spring from nights dark womb.

57. 18.

When the black Prince of air lets loose the winds,

19.

Joh. 14.

The furious warriors he in prison binds.

18.

If burning stars do conflagrations threat,

Esa. 25.

He gives cool breezes to allay the heat.

Psal. 78.

When cold doth in its rigid season reign,

16. 17.

He melts the snows, and thaws the air again ;

Psal. 30.

Restoring the vicissitude of things.

5.

Luk. 8. 24.

He still new good from every evil brings.

25.

Esa. 27. 8.

Esa. 4. 6.

Cant. 2. 11, 12. Gen. 8. 22. Psal. 147. 17, 18. Esa.

45. 6, 7, 8.

He holds together the worlds shaken frame,
 Ordaining every change, is still the same.
 If he permit the elements to fight,
 The rage of storms, the blackness of the night;
 'Tis that his power, love and wisdom may
 More glory have, restoring calm and day;
 That we may more the pleasant blessings prize,
 Laid in the ballance with their contraries.
 Though dangers then, like gaping monsters stand
 Ready to swallow us on either hand;
 Let us despise them, firm in this faith still,
 If God will save, they can nor hurt nor kill;
 If by his just permission we are slain,
 His power can heal and quicken us again.
 If briars and thorns, which from our sins arise
 Looking on earth, pierce through our guilty eyes,
 Let's yet give thanks they have not choak'd the seed
 Which should with better fruit our sad lives feed.
 If discord set the inward world on fire,
 With haste let's to the living spring retire,
 There quench, and quiet the disturbed soul,
 There on Loves sweet refreshing green banks rowl,
 Where ecstasied with joy, we shall not feel
 The Serpents little nibblings at our heel.
 If we look back on Paradise, late lost,
 Joys vanish like swift dreams, thaw'd like a frost,
 Converting pleasant walks to dirt and mire,
 Would we such frail delights again desire,
 Which at their best, however excellent,
 Had this defect, they were not permanent?

6. 7. Col. 3. 1, 2. Psal. 107. 35, 36, 34, 33.
 2 Cor. 4. 18.

1. Cor. 7. 31. Eccles. 1. 23.

Psal. 73. 3.

Jam. 1.

17.
Psal. 102.

26, 27.

Mal. 3. 6.

Esa. 54.

11.

Jer. 31.

35, 36.

2 Cor. 4.

17.

Esa. 54. 6.

7, 8, 9.

10.

Psal. 46.

1, 2.

Esa. 8. 9.

10, 12, 13.

14.

Esa. 51.

11, &c.

Gen. 30.

20.

2 Sam. 17.

14.

Esther 5.

14.

& 6. 13.

& 7. 10.

Ezek. 37.

1, &c.

Esa. 19.

22.

Jer. 30.

17.

Act. 14.

17.

Joh. 7. 37.

38.

Psal. 23.

1, 2.

Psal. 49. 4. If sin, remorse, and guilt give us the chase,
 15. Let us lie close in mercies sweet embrace,
 Rev. 3. 18. Which when it us asham'd, and naked found
 20. In the soft arms of melting pity bound ;
 Psal. 32. 1, 2. Eternal glorious triumphs did prepare,
 Arm'd us with clothes against the wounding air,
 1 Joh. 2. 2. By expiating sacrifices taught,
 25. How new life shall by death to light be brought.
 If we before us look, although we see
 All things in present fighting posture be :
 Yet in the promise we a prospect have
 Of victory swallowing up the empty grave ;
 1 Cor. 15. 54, 55, 26. Our foes all vanquish'd, death it self lies dead,
 Hos. 13. 14. And we shall trample on the monsters head.
 Rom. 16. 20. Ent'ring into a new and perfect joy,
 Mat. 25. 21. Which neither sin nor sorrow can destroy :
 Rev. 20. 4. A lasting and refin'd felicity,
 Mal. 3. 2, 3. For which even we our selves refin'd must be.
 Col. 1. 12. Then shall we laugh at our now childish woes,
 Joh. 16. 21, 22. And hug the birth that issues from these throes.
 Let not my share of grief afflict thy mind,
 But let me comfort in thy courage find ;
 'Twas not thy malice, but thy ignorance
 That lately my destruction did advance ;
 Nor can I my own self excuse ; 'twas I
 Undid my self by my facility.
 Let's not in vain each other now upbraid,
 But rather strive to afford each other aid :
 And our most gracious Lord with due thanks bless,
 Who hath not left us single in distress.
 When fear chills thee, my hope shall make thee warm,
 When I grow faint, thou shalt my courage arm ;
 When both our spirits at a low ebb are,
 We both will joyn in mutual fervent prayer

To him whose gracious succour never fails,
 When sin and death poor feeble man assails,
 He that our final triumph hath decreed,
 And promis'd thee salvation in thy seed.

Ah! can I this in ~~man~~ person say,
 While fruitless tears melt my poor life away?
 Of all the ills to mortals incident,
 None more pernicious is than discontent,
 That brat of unbelief, and stubborn pride,
 And sensual lust, with no joy satisfied,
 That doth ingratitude and murmur nurse,
 And is a sin which carries its own curse;
 This is the only smart of every ill;
 But can we without it sad tortures feel?
 Yes; if our souls above our sense remain,
 And take not in th' afflicted bodies pain,
 When they descend and mix with the disease,
 Then doth the anguish live, reign, and increase.
 Which when the soul is not in it, grows faint,
 And wastes its strength, not nourish'd with complaint,
 Submissive, humble, happy, sweet content
 A thousand deaths by one death doth prevent;
 When our rebellious wills subdued thereby
 Into th' eternal will and wisdom, die;
 Nor is that will harsh or irrational,
 But sweet in that which we most bitter call,
 Who err in judging what is ill or good,
 Only by studying that will, understood.
 What we admire in a low Paradise,
 If they our souls from heavenly thoughts entice,
 Here terminating our most strong desire,
 Which should to perfect permanence aspire,
 From being good to us they are so far,
 That they our fetters, yokes and poisons are,

Gal. 2, 20.

Mat. 18.

The

The obstacles of our felicity,
 The ruine of our souls most firm healths be,
 Quenching that life-maintaining appetite,
 Which makes substantial fruit our sound delight.
 The evils, so miscall'd, that we endure
 Are wholesome medicines tending to our cure,
 Only disease to these aversion breeds,
 The healthy soul on them with due thanks feeds.
 If for a Prince, a Mistress, or a Friend,
 Many do joy their bloods and lives to spend,
 Wealth, honour, ease, dangers and wounds despise,
 Should we not more to Gods will sacrifice?
 And by free gift prevent that else-sure loss?
 Whate're our will is, we must bear the cross,
 Which freely taken up, the weight is less,
 And hurts not, carried on with chearfulness;
 Besides, what we can lose, are gliding streams,
 Light airy shadows, unsubstantial dreams,
 Wherein we no propriety could have
 But that which our own cheating fancy gave;
 The right of them was due to God alone,
 And when with thanks we render him his own,
 Either he gives us back our offerings,
 Or our submission pays with better things:
 Were ills as real as our fancies make,
 They soon must us, or we must them forsake;
 We cannot miss ease and vicissitude,
 Till our last rest our labours shall conclude.
 Natural tears there are, which in due bound
 Do not the soul with sinful sorrow drown,
 Repentant tears too are no fretting brine,
 But loves soft meltings, which the soul refine,
 Like gentle showers, that usher in the spring,
 These make the soul more fair and flourishing.

No murmuring winds of passions here prevail,
 But the life-breathing Spirits sweet fresh gale,
 Which by those fruitful drops all graces feeds,
 And draws rich extracts from the soaked seeds,
 But worldly sorrow like rough winters storms,
 All graces kills, all loveliness deforms,
 Augments the evils of our present state,
 And doth eternal woes anticipate.

Vain is that grief which can no ill redress,
 But adds affliction to uneasiness;
 Unnerving the souls powers, then, when they shou'd
 Most exercise their constant fortitude.

— With these most certain truths let's wind up all,
 Whatever doth to mortal men befall
 Not casual is, like shafts at randome shot,
 But Providence distributes every lot,
 In which th' obedient and the meek rejoyce,
 Above their own preferring Gods wise choice:
 Nor is his providence less good than wise,
 Tho' our gross sense pierce not its mysteries.
 As there's but one most true substantial good,
 And God himself is that Beatitude:

So can we suffer but one real ill,
 Divorce from him by our repugnant will,
 Which when to just submission it returns,
 The reunited soul no longer mourns,
 His serene rays dry up its former tears,
 Dispel the tempest of its carnal fears,
 Which dread what either never may arrive,
 Or not as seen in their false perspective;
 For in the crystal mirror of Gods grace
 All things appear with a new lovely face.

When that doth Heavens more glorious palace shew
 We cease to' admire a Paradise below,
 Rejoyce in that which lately was our loss,
 And see a Crown made up of every Cross.
 Return, return, my soul to thy true rest,
 As young benighted birds unto their nest,
 There hide thy self under the wings of love
 Till the bright morning all thy clouds remove.

Psa. 116. 7.

F I N I S.
